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IN HIS LABOR DAY speech John W. Davis has shown once more that it is his political strategy to invade the La Follette territory—not by denouncing the Wisconsin Senator but by taking the same position on various questions. Thus, he has come out against government by injunction, for important changes in the Esch-Cummins Act, and for the approval of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. This will be gratefully noted in the La Follette camp, for the further Mr. Davis comes over to the La Follette position the more difficult will it be for the Republicans to portray La Follette as a wild and dangerous radical. For instance, the Senator has been roundly abused for wishing to abolish the Railroad Labor Board, and that proposal has been widely heralded as meaning the undoing of one of the great achievements in the battle between capital and labor. Now Mr. Davis is willing to throw it over. He has also suddenly discovered that there is such a tradition as free speech and a free press in America. We congratulate him upon the discovery, because if there was any man silent and tongue-tied during the battle the liberals have been making since the beginning of the war to uphold the right of peaceful assemblage, free speech, and a free press, it was John W. Davis. In all the gallant struggle made by the American Civil Liberties Union, for example, to uphold the rights of the citizen, Mr. Davis has had not one word to say either as president of the Bar Association or otherwise. If he wishes to prove his sincerity now he can easily do it. Let him denounce by name the public officials and the mining companies in his own West Virginia who have made of democracy in that State a mockery and a sham. Let him denounce the mayors in those Gary-owned Pennsylvania towns who today refuse to permit meetings to be held if they do not like their purpose.

IT IS UNKIND of the head of the National Federation of Federal Employees to complain of the sweat-shop wages paid by the national government to its workers just when the country is thrilling with Mr. Coolidge's Labor-Day declaration that the cost of living has been going down and wages going up. Living costs began to go down in the middle of 1920 while the Democrats were still in power, continuing in that direction for some time in spite of the corruption in Washington under Mr. Harding, but since Mr. Coolidge himself has been President his own official statistics show an upward trend again. Mr. Coolidge goes back over ten years—six of which were under a Democratic administration—and picks out the *hourly rate* of wages in a few favored industries to prove the high earnings of labor. He says nothing of the total time that men are working or of men who are not working at all. He does not give actual earnings of actual men, and there are no satisfactory figures on this point for the country as a whole. In the last report from the New York State Department of Labor, however, we note that July was the fourth successive month of contracting pay rolls in factories, and that they were $6,000,000 less in July of this year than in July, 1923. Also only eleven firms advanced wages in that month against seventeen that reduced them. Reductions applied especially to the textile and the carpet industries.

AND NOW COMES Luther G. Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, to say that although living costs are 69 per cent higher than ten years ago the pay of the government's workers, even with the bonus of $20 a month, is only 15 per cent higher. Mr. Stewart says:

> Take the sleek-looking guards at the Congressional Library as an example. People do not know that the guards would prefer a little more corned beef and cabbage and less statuary and mural decorations. They do not know that the guards must provide their own uniforms, at increased prices since Congress so generously allowed the woolen industry a tariff, and must support a family and pay the notoriously high rents at the national capital on a wage of $1,140 a year, working seven days a week.
>
> This situation is true not only with most of the federal employees in Washington, numbering 60,000 outside the postal service; it is true equally with the 200,000 federal government workers scattered throughout the United States.

Nevertheless, Mr. Coolidge has solid reasons upon which to base his ringing declarations in regard to reduced living costs and increased wages. He has the incontestable proof of personal experience. Since he became President he has escaped what Mr. Stewart calls "the notoriously high rents at the national capital" by moving into a free house painted white, while his wages have risen from a stipend of $12,000 a year to one of $75,000. Lucky Cal!

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HOW FARES THE FARMER? After an investigation covering a period of several years the Department of Agriculture has discovered that he is in a bad way. The farmer discovered it himself some time ago; but let that pass. The farmer may at least take comfort in knowing statistically just how badly off he is.

> Interest paid on total farm indebtedness consumed all capital earnings in the crop years 1920-21 and 1921-22. In the next two years there was a return of 3.1 per cent on the total capital invested in agriculture, including rewards of management. This investment, however, was written down from $79,607,000,000 in 1920 to $59,409,000,000. Land and buildings by themselves were written down from $66,316,000,000 to $48,300,000,000.
>
> The department has estimated for the five-year period the return on all the capital invested in agriculture. It puts this rate at 6.2 per cent for 1919-20; 0.6 per cent for 1920-21; 1.4 per cent for 1921-22; 3.1 per cent for 1922-23; and 3.1 per cent for 1923-24. Even this meager showing was only made by valuing the labor of farm operators and their families at no more than the current rate for common labor. While agricultural capital as a whole had only the small returns above mentioned, it was paying an average of more than 6.7 on mortgage and other indebtedness.

Mr. Coolidge is smiling with promises of what his party is going to do for agriculture, but if the future is to be judged by the present, and it is, the Republicans have nothing to offer the farmer but a stone—or at most a gold brick.

ITS "INSTINCTIVE GROPING for leadership in the interest of law enforcement" (we think Mr. Dawes's phrase will become classic) has again brought Herrin, Illinois, to murder and riot. Six men have been killed in a battle between Klansmen and sheriffs' deputies. The start of the trouble is shrouded in bitter accusations and criminal charges. The only thing the public understands or cares to understand is that law is dead in a county in Illinois; that men's lives are in danger; and that hooded cowards have instituted a reign of terror that dates back many months. Mr. Dawes may admire the fine, free spirit that inspires the members of the Klan in Illinois; most of the rest of us would prefer to see life and liberty left in the unromantic hands of the officers of the law.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done two excellent things since the beginning of his campaign for which he is entitled to all praise. He has enunciated the historic American doctrine in regard to the colored man and his rights as an American citizen. He has heartily approved the nomination of a colored man for Congress in New York City, and has otherwise spoken out so clearly that no one can have any doubt as to where he stands on this issue. The second matter is the President's refusal to join in the navy hue and cry against the British in regard to the elevation of the guns on battleships. He has declared that he will not permit the subject to be opened by the navy. That has naturally set the admirals to raging. If we may judge from the Washington dispatches, the navy feels that the President has sold us out to the British. We can only rejoice that this source of friction between the two great Anglo-Saxon countries has been eliminated by the President. The whole incident shows clearly how our naval officers, so far from being preservers of the peace as they contend, are constant sources of the kind of friction that leads to war.

THE PRIZES for peace plans, in the competition inaugurated for Europeans by Edward A. Filene, have been awarded. More than 15,000 persons competed—5,319 in France, 4,700 in Great Britain, 4,400 in Germany, 1,000 in Italy. The names of the winners are not yet announced, but the peace plans are appearing from each of the four nations separately at intervals of a week. In making public the plans by French competitors, a statement in behalf of Mr. Filene says:

> It is not so important that we should find in these projects a final solution of the problem of peace as that we should understand that they are a fairly accurate index of the main movements of thought in Europe today. . . . It was with this purpose in view, of affording the American public a general line on the thought of the more active and the more thinking elements in Europe's main countries, that Mr. Filene inaugurated the awards.

With this thought in mind it is instructive to note that in the thirty-six plans by Frenchmen to whom prizes were awarded there is general support of the Dawes plan and advocacy of reduction of armaments. The League of Nations is regarded as necessary, with appeal to moral rather than physical force, while many suggest changes to admit the United States and propose the admission of Germany and Russia. Mutual guaranties of security through treaties are also suggested. Most of the competitors see the need of a stabilization of the currencies of Europe as a means of restoring normal life, and thus laying the basis of permanently peaceful relations. They also seek a solution for the traffic chaos.

THE REICHSTAG has done the inevitable and approved the London agreement on the Dawes plan. It could do nothing else in view of Marx's threat to dissolve the Reichstag and go ahead without its consent if need be. The only question now is what price the Government has had to pay finally to win the Nationalist support. Whether the price is some seats in the present Cabinet or something else, time will soon show. What has been done by Marx was the only thing to do, whether his government believed in the workability of the compromise or not. For Germany and for other countries the acceptance of the agreement should bring at least temporary relief from bickering and some economic revival. But what the German people will yet have to pay socially for this new fixing of their liabilities remains to be seen. There are plenty who behold in it nothing but a loss of all the gains made by the workers during the war and the revolution, including the eight-hour day. Sufficient unto the day! The really important thing, we say again, is that Europe has at last made a treaty by mutual consent and that friendly personal relations have finally been established between French and German statesmen. Future difficulties must be met as they arise—in the spirit of Ramsay MacDonald if the world is to advance.

THE DAWES REPORT has apparently cleared the air for France and Germany to get back to the basis laid down by Loucheur and Rathenau two and a half years ago. At the conclusion of the recent conference they agreed to meet in Paris about the first of October and draft a commercial treaty. Such an agreement Philip Snowden characterizes as "a trade menace to Great Britain of a most serious character." English miners have already appealed to Mr. MacDonald to prevent further coal deliveries by Ger-

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many to Italy, France, and Belgium, as it is causing the closing of British mines. And British business men in general are suspicious that France has now thrown over her dreams of military domination in order to attain domination through commercial relations. Whether this fear is exaggerated or not, there seems to be no other way to peace on the Continent than the way of accord between France and Germany. It would be tragic if Great Britain, after striving for Franco-German political accord, should shift its ground for fear of losing its French trade to Germany. Great Britain has gained nothing from the past commercial chaos; she will be the first to profit from general prosperity.

HERMAN M. BERNELOT MOENS came to the United States with letters from the Dutch Government recommending him as a distinguished zoologist and anthropologist worthy of the highest consideration. He embarked on a careful study of race mixtures in Washington, and with the help of government scientists and photographers took pictures of many of the intermingled types in the Washington public schools. About this time the war broke out and struck the Department of Justice like an attack of measles. In 1918 the Department decided that Mr. Moens was a German spy; agents entered his room and seized documents and scientific materials which have never been recovered by the owner. They found incidentally that he was neither German nor a spy, but they discovered his collection of photographs of nude children, taken by government photographers. These were seized. Finally the scientist was indicted on a charge of possessing obscene pictures and exhibiting them (to the agent who stole them from his rooms). The indictment was dismissed but another was drawn, and for five years Mr. Moens lived with this vicious charge hanging over him. His work was stopped, his scientific material was confiscated, his name was blackened—and now, casually, under the new regime of decency in the Department of Justice, the indictment has been withdrawn. Mr. Moens is no longer under criminal charges, but he has wasted five years of his career and suffered indignity and injustice. If a distinguished American scientist were so treated by a foreign government—by Holland, for instance—we wonder how our patriotic senators would behave.

IF FANNIE HURST were a foreign literary person visiting our shores, she could probably be trusted to comment on something more interesting than the beauty of the American woman or the docility of the American husband. At any rate, Miss Hurst has recently been visiting in Moscow and her impressions, cabled to the New York *Times* by Walter Duranty, were well above the intelligence standard set by most departing guests. She finds Russia amazingly young—sustained by the virtues of youth and afflicted with its faults:

> Not only nine executives out of ten you meet are young, but you feel tremendously that the whole country has been put in the hands of the growing generation to make or mar it after their own pattern. There is all of youth's crudity, ignorance, and recklessness, youth's restiveness and contempt, even toward elders and older ways. But there is also youth's tremendous vitality, youth's hopefulness, and youth's power to work miracles, because it does not know that impossibilities are impossible. . . .
>
> And they are all so desperately in earnest, these youngsters, so absorbed in their own affairs, so impervious to criticism. They seem to have no time for many things we consider important. For instance, the women look neat enough in white summer frocks, but do any young girls ever pause to think how much nicer they would look with a piece of ribbon? And that goes all through—there are so many beautiful old things in and round Moscow, but such utilitarian ugliness as will come from impatience and almost disgust for delicacy and refinement.

THE BARK WANDERER, the last of New Bedford's famous whaling fleet, is piled up on the Middle Ground Shoal; she will lie there until the storms of the North Atlantic rack and wrench and burst her stout ribs asunder and float her old bones off to scatter them in the wreckage of the Seven Seas. The Wanderer was 146 years old, having been built in Mattapoisett in 1778. In her long life she had probably poked her blunt, pugnacious nose into every lonely sea from the South Shetland Islands to Jan Mayen Land, and her every timber must have been soaked and preserved in the oil of the thousands of whales that had fallen her victims. The Wanderer set out on what was to have been her last whaling voyage on August 25; on her return she was to have been dismantled. The crew was not quite large enough, the skipper decided soon after setting sail, and so he anchored the Wanderer and went ashore to recruit others. In the tumultuous seas that piled up in the Atlantic next day the bark dragged her anchors, and as she was swept into shoal water the crew abandoned her. About the middle of the last century, when whaling was a great American industry, we had more than 700 vessels engaged in the chase, most of them sailing out of New Bedford. But the scarcity of whales, due to their relentless pursuit, together with the discovery of petroleum, brought the industry to decay, and in 1902 our fleet had declined to thirty-eight vessels. Now there are so few that no records are kept, and the New Bedford fleet is wholly gone. Of late the Wanderer had been requisitioned for the movies. So perhaps it wasn't accident but suicide that brought her finally to Middle Ground Shoal.

IT WAS IN BOSTON, distinguished as the Athens of America and birthplace of the art of vaudeville, that a recent survey demonstrated conclusively the advance of the last half century in the art of education. The Boston University School of Education gave Massachusetts scholars a spelling test, and compared the results with a trial made in 1879. One might expect the well-known younger generation to fall far below the record of their serious-minded ancestors. The clergymen of Boston could have explained that the sinful frivolity of flirting, jazzing flapperdom had penetrated even to the fifth grade of a generation precocious in vice and light-minded in learning. Instead, here is material for a sermon on the glories of progress. On the useful little word "which," for example, the school-children of 1924 rate 76 per cent against a mere 69.2 per cent in 1879; and on "too" the score is 79.4 to 23 per cent. The investigators proudly credit the improvement to modern teaching methods, which concentrate on useful words in spelling lessons instead of the "eleemosynary" and "synchronization" of our grandfathers. It is true that some heretical advocates of drastic school reform have held that spelling should not be taught as an independent subject at all; but that must have been before they heard of this triumph of twentieth-century science.

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The Chances in the Election

WHAT are the chances in the presidential election? There is only one thing upon which a majority of the Washington political correspondents agree, and that is that the election will be thrown into Congress. For the rest, veteran observers admit that never has there been as baffling a campaign nor such contradictory reports as come out of every State in the Union. One meets equally competent observers from a given place who are so far apart in their views as to make it impossible to reconcile them. Take Michigan, for instance. The staff of one of the most influential dailies there agrees that La Follette will carry the State. Take any Detroit business man and he will assure you that the State will go for Coolidge by an overwhelming majority. From some States come reports of complete apathy; from others that there is profound public interest.

None the less, certain facts stand out clearly. John W. Davis is running by himself. It is not even a ticket which is being offered to the Democratic voters. In the East as little mention as possible is being made of Charles W. Bryan because he is extremely unpopular. Mr. Davis has had to make over his organization and it has not always been skilfully done; the McAdoo forces have been deliberately alienated. Writing in the pro-Coolidge New York *Evening Post*, Clinton W. Gilbert declares that "in the entire region west of the Mississippi, except the Southwestern States, the contest is between President Coolidge and Senator La Follette," and he quotes a Republican just back from the Southwest as saying that he hardly ever heard Mr. Davis's name. If it were not for the solid South it would seem as if the Davis candidacy would disappear, despite the fact that he is making excellent campaign speeches. He does not appeal to the imagination of the public and his is the dreadful handicap of steering a middle course.

When it comes to the contest between La Follette and Coolidge, the advocates of La Follette are profoundly cheered, for it is certain that the showing he will make will be extraordinary in spite of the necessity of building entirely new machinery, the lack of experienced leaders, and the pitifully small sums of money which are coming to W. T. Rawleigh, the treasurer (whose address is Freeport, Illinois). It is not as it was in the Progressive Party's campaign in 1912. Not only was Mr. Roosevelt better known and more popular, there were enlisted under his banner many men and women of national distinction. Money poured in upon the treasurer; the new machinery came to pass almost overnight; a powerful press championed him. It was soon socially fashionable to join the Roosevelt ranks. This year the spectacular is lacking, the money, and the large group of nationally known leaders and dailies. Yet the third party is going ahead in a way to amaze. That is to be recognized in the respectful way the opposition treats it and the admirably fair reporting of the La Follette campaign by the press of the large cities—it is real news and the editors know it. The third party progresses because for once we have a reform movement which has come out of the masses and has not been started from above. It is possibly the very absence of machinery and of moth-eaten and shop-worn political leaders that gives La Follette's battle such an appeal, besides the fact that the American people like the spectacle of this brave and unpurchasable man presenting himself to the public on his own record and his own platform and inviting the public to vote for him.

Quite striking is the way week by week the Republicans themselves are beginning to take the La Follette cause more seriously. At first they conceded him only Wisconsin. Now an apparently official Republican forecast in the New York *Herald Tribune* gives La Follette Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, North and South Dakota. Clinton W. Gilbert, who is certainly no visionary idealist but a practical and experienced realist, makes some remarkable statements which he declares to be founded on information from inside Republican sources only. He declares that La Follette has developed strength in California sufficient already to insure his running second there. Arizona will go either to La Follette or Coolidge and so will Nebraska, where Mr. Gilbert insists that Bryan will run third. In Iowa, he reports, the Republicans are in a serious way because the corn crop is bad, because Joseph Allen, a leading Iowa progressive, has unexpectedly bolted to La Follette, and Dante Pierce, owner of the powerful farmers' paper, the *Iowa Homestead*, has thrown his great influence to the Wisconsin Senator. If La Follette were to carry all the States which Mr. Gilbert concedes to him, or puts down as close and doubtful, he would receive 93 electoral votes, without counting California or any Eastern State as a possibility, and giving Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, and Oregon to Coolidge or Davis. Since the latter is bound to get 126 electoral votes in the Southern States alone, any such achievement by La Follette as Mr. Gilbert's article suggests would not impossibly throw the election into Congress.

The Republican forecast in the *Herald Tribune* is a grave confession of weakness in that it claims only 295 electoral votes for Coolidge, who must obtain 266 to win. To claim in August a margin of only 29 votes comports neither with the usual political procedure nor with the extravagant claims that it is to be a walk-over for Coolidge. In the 295 are included the votes of California, Iowa, Illinois, Colorado, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Washington. The loss of California, Iowa, and Washington would on this showing defeat Mr. Coolidge. So would the loss of Iowa, Washington, Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho. If that is the best the Republicans can claim they are in need of condolence. It is a fact that their reports in nowise justify Wall Street's three to one odds on Coolidge. Moreover, New Hampshire is actually in revolt. Money and organization and a fine speaking campaign in Rhode Island would take that State away from Coolidge, and the growing opposition to him in his own State is instanced by the large amount of space and friendly attention devoted by the Boston *Herald* to Senator Wheeler. The latter's candidacy will be helped tremendously if the Republicans commit the incredible folly of trying him on their bogus charges.

Yes, for La Follette the outlook is beyond all belief encouraging. It would be idle to assert that the great underground swell of discontent with the other parties, which is needed for a landslide, is in sight today. But there are amazing straws. Multitudes who will vote for La Follette are not daring to say so. Others are coming out for him day by day, as has William G. McAdoo's

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brother. In a Pasadena newspaper office a straw vote showed 57 for La Follette, 22 for Coolidge, and 3 only for Davis. A student fraternity in the University of Washington voted 3 for Davis, 6 for Coolidge, and 38 for La Follette. A national poll by the Hearst newspapers gave, on September 2, Coolidge 11,190, La Follette 10,625, and Davis 3,443. In New York City La Follette led Coolidge by nearly 200 votes. Polls favoring the others will doubtless soon appear. But let us remember that the polls mentioned are for the man for whom, the New York *Evening Post* said a few weeks ago, only the "lunatic fringe" could possibly vote.

Fashions in Newspaper Hoaxes

So the story of the floating cafe, anchored fifteen miles outside of New York harbor, was a fiction! This tale of a 17,000-ton steamship where the wealthy might slake their alcoholic thirst just beyond the reach of the law, printed in the New York *Herald Tribune* of August 16, was admitted by that newspaper a week later to be fiction warp and woof. The *Herald Tribune* made a clean breast of it, explained that it had been imposed upon by one of its reporters, and announced that the latter had been "dishonorably dismissed."

Well, it was not always thus with newspaper hoaxes. Time was when they were regarded as strokes of enterprise almost if not quite legitimate; when a newspaper perpetrated them knowingly and brazenly as part of the day's work. Indeed the success of one of the world's greatest newspapers, the now extinct New York morning *Sun*, was founded on a gigantic, intentional, and carefully planned hoax. We shall not argue that newspapers have grown more honest and accurate. We are not sure that they have; we are not certain that there has been anything more than a change in fashion. The modern demand for "human interest," for "punch" and "color," for pathos and humor, leads to exaggerations and distortions that are in effect as untruthful presentations as were achieved by any of the hoaxing of the past. Then, too, the pressure of propaganda has much to answer for. Only last week we called attention to a summary in the *Herald Tribune* of the report by the Federal Council of Churches on National Defense Day, which was as essentially untrue as the tale of the floating cafe. No apology for this has been forthcoming.

But we did not set out to moralize; we wanted to recall to our readers the kind of faking that "got by" in the past, especially the famous hoax of the New York *Sun*. At the time, 1835, that journal was a fledgling less than two years old, the first penny paper in New York City, established to compete against other prints which sold for six cents. The owner, Benjamin H. Day, had just engaged Richard Adams Locke as chief editorial writer at a salary of $12 a week, and the latter showed his gratitude by proposing and writing the famous moon hoax which made the *Sun*. The plot began with the publication on August 21, 1835, of an item credited to the Edinburgh *Courant*, saying that Sir John Herschel, who was experimenting at the Cape of Good Hope with a wonderful new telescope, had made some remarkable astronomical discoveries. Four days later there were three columns on the first page, saying that the new telescope had made objects on the moon's surface as visible as views on the earth at a distance of 100 yards. Marvelous details were set forth. This time the information was credited to a supplement in the Edinburgh *Journal of Science*, supplied to the *Sun* by a "medical gentleman" just arrived from Scotland who had noticed the previous item. Thereafter for a week followed instalments in regard to the newly discovered marvels of the moon, each more astounding than the one before. The vegetation and animals were described, including a horned bear and a biped beaver. Of the latter it was said:

> It carries its young in its arms like a human being and walks with an easy, gliding motion. Its huts are constructed better and higher than those of many tribes of human savages, and from the appearance of smoke in nearly all of them there is no doubt of its being acquainted with the use of fire.

Finally the *Sun's* readers were introduced to the great Temple of the Moon and to a creature close to human, a kind of man-bat. All New York buzzed with the marvelous discoveries; the presses couldn't grind fast enough to supply public demand. Eventually a committee of scientists arrived from Yale, asking leave to consult the original accounts. Locke said they were in the hands of the printer, and then rushed on ahead of the delegation to tell the foreman to send them to another plant. Thus they were kept going from shop to shop until they had to catch their train back to New Haven. The young Edgar Allan Poe is said to have abandoned a story he was working on, "Hans Pfaal," because the moon hoax trespassed upon and surpassed his ideas.

Eventually Locke admitted the hoax. But apparently there was no public resentment, and meanwhile the *Sun*—and indirectly penny journalism in America—had been made. On August 28 the *Sun* announced a sale of 19,360 copies daily. This, it claimed, was 2,360 copies in excess of the sales of the London *Times*, and the largest circulation in the world.

"Theirs Not to Reason Why"

That most useful institution, the Williamstown Institute of Politics, which has just concluded its fourth successful year, performs a great service in bringing together men and women of varying shades of opinion, but not greater service than in bringing to its councils representatives of the military branches of the United States government. We are well aware that there are some people who have been outraged by the constant talking of certain admirals, in marked contrast to the generals who, whether by order or not, have remained quiet. But the admirals, notably Admiral Rodgers, have enunciated such crassly imperialistic doctrines, so redolent of the before-the-war German militarism and so full of the doctrine that we must bow down and worship before our government as one which can never do any wrong, that we consider their contribution to the cause of American education of extraordinary value. Rear Admiral Rodgers's picture of us as a nation likely to wage devastating war upon all other nations of the earth just as soon as our population overflows our boundaries portrays us as becoming what most Americans thought Germany was in 1914 when it was talking so much nonsense about its place in the sun.

But the priceless contribution to the session on our relations with the Caribbean and South American countries

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was that of Admiral Huse, who declared that although he was one of the leading officers who took part in the attack on Vera Cruz he did not now know why we had gone into the city to take the Custom House! "Theirs not to reason why!" The navy got its orders from Washington, where Mr. Wilson and his Cabinet, upon whose heads rests the guilt, ordered the taking of the Custom House, with the resultant hundreds of Mexican deaths and the loss of nineteen American lives. "It was a glorious victory," but history will find it difficult to record why it should have been done or what was accomplished. It did not get us the salute we demanded for the boat incident at Tampico. It did not help us to capture Villa. It enormously increased the dislike and hatred and fear of us throughout South and Central America. The navy had no choice; we have no question that it was as humane as men can be when they attack towns with modern weapons. Mussolini's fleet killed a number of orphans it did not mean to when it "upheld" its flag at Corfu.

Now it is just this attitude of mind, the willingness to be part of a machine which cannot reason why, but which is taught never to admit that the head of the government which gives the orders the sailors or soldiers must obey can do wrong, that makes the military arms so fraught with danger to any country, whether it be the Germany of the Kaiser or the American republic of today. The bold teaching that America shall adopt the law of tooth and claw whenever there shall come a plethora of population, and that no civilian may question the righteousness of any act of army or navy or government, shows how far we have progressed in the direction of militarism. It is the spirit in these matters which counts infinitely more than the act. In itself the coming mobilization day is in no sense as alarming as the propaganda motive behind it, the effort to link the civilian population with a day of military practice and parade, and so to propagandize the public. This procedure will, without question, find an echo in a demand for greater appropriations and a larger army when the next Congress meets. The military propaganda of the War Department ceases never by day or by night. Almost every army officer is not unnaturally an active militaristic propagandist; and so are many of the 80,000 reserve officers whose lips will be padlocked on all public questions—unless they agree with the Government—if the effort to drive Captain Paxton Hibben out of the Reserve Corps because of dislike of his views on Russia should prove successful.

So we are grateful for mobilization day in that it has aroused great public feeling in America against the idea. Resolutions have even come to us from business associations from whom we never expected such ringing old-fashioned Americanism. We are sincere in our belief that there is no greater danger before the country today than the spread of German militarism among us. If we had no other reason for supporting Robert M. La Follette for President, we should find it in our belief that while he is not a pacifist, nor an opponent of all wars, we think him to be keenly aware of the rise of the militaristic tide because his platform calls for immediate curtailment of army and navy. Thus we believe that active militaristic propaganda would cease the minute he took office and that we should have in Washington the same spirit of amity in the conduct of our international affairs which so glorifies the ministry of Ramsay MacDonald and through him has brought about a temporary solution of the political miseries of Europe.

A Noble Editor

WHEN Henry W. Massingham died on August 28 there passed a great soul. "The greatest editor I ever knew," Henry W. Nevinson, the dean of British correspondents, has called him; and there are many to share the estimate. But beyond and above the editor was the man. "He announces a message of revolution as if it were a new gospel of love," once wrote George W. Smalley of the man who for sixteen years made of the London *Nation* the broadest, bravest, wisest, most humane and enlightened of British publications. So noble and modest a spirit appears all too rarely in the newspaper world—there is no one to fill his place in England or abroad, for such a combination of gentleness with firmness, of complete courtesy and extraordinary knowledge with such an admirable style is seldom found. Never was there any one to state a case more clearly, to subject to a more searching analysis the statements of politicians, illuminating their falsity or proving their worth. Steeped in principle, he was a true humanitarian who could no more measure his principles with the yardstick of a spurious patriotism or a narrow nationalism than he could preach the doctrine that might shall rule.

True, when the war came, Mr. Massingham, like other British liberal editors, was swept off his feet. But he was the first to recover from the shock, and so determinedly and brilliantly did he uphold the right of the Anglo-Saxon editor to apply his reason and his principles to the national situation in war time that Lloyd George not only honored him by vituperating him, but forbade the export of his journal from England. The one now dies honored as a farsighted, wise, and honest journalist; the other, recognized the world over as a political mountebank, lives to decrease his fame by journalistic potboiling which nobody reads or regards. The true heroes are still not those the public is graciously allowed to worship by the controllers of opinion, but those who are steadfast; who yield not a jot or a tittle of their principles; who bear misrepresentation and calumny with resignation and cheerfulness, and find their reward in the consciousness that the stars in their courses fight for them, whether they live to see their principles triumph or not.

Bred and nurtured in the teachings of Cobden and Bright, Mr. Massingham yielded slowly to the new party of Labor, but for the decay of liberalism as a result of its suicidal alliance with the war mania he finally found compensation in the broader and wider vision of the new economic movement. Mr. Massingham was not only a political writer. In literary fields he wandered as freely and with as stimulating effects. His column "A Wayfarer in London" was the envy of his colleagues, but its charm was not to be captured by anyone else. With wit, grace, kindliness, and good humor he portrayed his contemporaries and the world about him. Replete with rare personal touches, the column contained also much of historic value. Even when the Rowntree Trust ousted him from the editorial chair that none else could fill, his serenity never deserted him, nor its charm his pen. Witness his last contribution to the New York *Nation*, a review of Henry W. Nevinson's "Changes and Chances," printed in the issue of April 23 of this year. From the New York *Nation* he took his publication's name. We are as happy to record that the namesake surpassed the original as we sorrow to record our grief because the world can no longer claim Henry W. Massingham as its own.

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"Mobilization" or "Defense Test"?

(We reprint with pleasure the following paragraphs from a statement issued by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; nowhere else have we seen so careful a statement of facts or so dispassionate an appraisal of the forces behind the military demonstration on September 12.)

THE observance of September 12, the anniversary of the American victory of St. Mihiel, by a demonstration of mobilization . . . was an original idea of the War Department. All statements to the effect that it is specifically required by the National Defense Act of 1920 and that the whole plan is merely a carrying out of the act are in error. . . . A widely known New York newspaper has asserted editorially . . . that the law requires annual mobilization tests on which the War Department has defaulted for three years. There is nothing in the law suggesting a test demonstration. The War Department itself acknowledges that the only portions of the National Defense Act relevant to the proposed test are . . . as follows:

The organized peace establishment including the regular army, the national guard, and the organized reserves, shall include all those divisions and other military organizations necessary to form the basis for a complete and immediate mobilization for the National Defense in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress. The army shall at all times be organized so far as practicable into brigades, divisions, and army corps, and whenever the President may deem it expedient, into armies. For purposes of administration, training, and tactical control the continental area of the United States shall be divided on a basis of military population into corps areas. Each corps area shall contain at least one division of the national guard, the organized reserves, and such other troops as the President may direct. . . .

The duties of the War Department General Staff shall be to prepare plans for national defense and the use of the military forces for that purpose, both separately and in conjunction with the naval forces, and for the mobilization of the manhood of the nation and its material resources in an emergency to investigate and report upon all questions affecting the efficiency of the army of the United States, and its state of preparation for military operations; and to render professional aid and assistance to the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff.

When the War Department refers to the Defense Act as a warrant for "defense test" it is giving its own interpretation to the act. The Department justifies it on the ground that Congress has intrusted national defense to a reserve army; that such a potential army is useless without elaborate organization and mobilization plans; that such plans are futile unless they are tested and their procedure visualized, and unless popular interest is aroused in their execution.

"Mobilization"

The word "mobilization" was from the first used in connection with the celebration in official quarters. In his correspondence with Mr. F. J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War, the President was apparently technically correct in so far as the formal designation of the day is concerned. Yet as early as January 5 of this year the *Army and Navy Register* referred to the plan in these words:

> The prospect of staging the greatest peace-time military demonstration in the history of the United States came one step nearer realization this week when Secretary of War Weeks gave favorable consideration to the Mobilization Day plans on which general staff officers have been working for months.

The *Army and Navy Register* is not an official journal, but it is apparent from the foregoing that the designation, "Mobilization Day," was not the result of an effort to discredit the demonstration. On this point the President appears to have been misinformed.

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The question would seem to be placed beyond controversy by statements printed on August 1 in the New York *Evening Post*, an ardent supporter of the Administration, under the name of its Washington staff correspondent:

> The memory of the Great War is recent and the choice of the word "mobilization" was unfortunate. It was worse than unfortunate; it was stupid. But army officers are bad popular psychologists. They don't usually have to bother with psychology. But this was a time when they were dealing with psychology. They were planning a nice display of the army and its connections, something like the annual turnout of the police and fire department, to interest the people in the army. . . . With this psychological purpose in view the army officers called for a mobilization. There is no mistake about it. The records show it. And the army officers privately admit they made a blunder. Since the very first they have been trying to change the word from mobilization to defense and the pacifist societies have been trying to make the original word stick.

It should be said that the War Department disclaims any such admission of a "blunder" and defends the course it has followed throughout. The Department puts much emphasis upon the difference between a mobilization of America's citizen army and a European mobilization with all its implications.

Disclosure of War Department's Plans

There is no question that the plans of the War Department for active civilian cooperation were elaborate, and worked out in considerable detail. General Pershing's statement released by the War Department on May 18 closed with these words: "We want them all [the American people] to participate in this 'Defense Test,' and in some suitable manner celebrate the day in commemoration of the victory of American arms at St. Mihiel."

A peculiarly unfortunate incident of the controversy that has arisen over the plan has been the failure to make public the War Department's order of April 26, until after the controversy had become acute and had taken a political turn. . . . That order, made public on July 30, made it clear that "the Secretary of War has decided to initiate for continental United States a mobilization demonstration which will serve as an occasion for assemblages and ceremonies involving public manifestations of loyalty and practical patriotism." The order went so far as to suggest that there should be parades, prayers for our national welfare, patriotic music, addresses on national defense and mobilization, and organized recreation and amusement. . . .

The Force of Religious Opinion

The affair has resulted in a remarkable demonstration of the potential influence of religious opinion and of the religious press upon the Government. The War Department has been considerably exercised over the numerous letters of inquiry and protest that were inspired by articles in the religious weeklies and resolutions passed by religious bodies. Nor have the protests come merely from pacifists and pacifist societies; some of them have come from the most conservative sources. Two prominent clergymen resigned their commissions as chaplains in the reserve corps because of the War Department's plans. Others have expressed their intention of obeying the mobilization order under protest. Influential religious journals to which social radicalism is quite unwelcome have carried ringing denunciations of the "militaristic gesture." Certain church federations called upon the President, . . . to call it off. . . .

The Government's View

It should be said that there is a certain logic in the War Department's position, with reference to the test of its plans. The Department is thinking in terms of the military resources and mobilization plans of other nations. They cite the French army, totaling, regulars and colonials, 752,000 men, with 4,420,000 trained reserves and compulsory training; the Japanese army, with its 250,000 men in active service and 1,904,000 reserves, and compulsory training; the Russian army to which they assign a strength of 700,000 under arms, and a total trained man power of 5,432,760, with compulsory training.

The American army on the other hand, is limited by law to 125,000 enlisted men, a national guard, which at no time greatly exceeds the regular army, and the officers who served in the World War, a wholly civilian force, who constitute the major part of the potential military establishment. In the foreign countries enumerated, mobilization would doubtless be, as War Department officials point out, a colossal regimentation of the population compared with which the plans for September 12 are but a summer holiday. As the army sees it, assuming the necessity of a test of defense plans, those of the War Department represent the least possible disturbance of our civilian life. And in support of this view they cite the evident indifference of European countries to the published plans for Defense Day.

Significance of a Minority Protest

There is no indication that the protests which have given the War Department so much concern represent more than a minority opinion. While several of the governors have protested, the majority of them are apparently cooperating with the Federal Government. The League of Women Voters has condemned the project, but other representative bodies are offering no objection.

The Secretary of War has received from the president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution a letter assuring him that twenty-six societies which she names "will cooperate with the Government in the holding of the 'Defense Test' on September 12." For the most part they are military orders or war memorial organizations, such as the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812, the United Confederate Veterans, etc., of which there is a surprising number. . . .

Yet the response from leaders of ethical and religious thought has been vigorous and impressive, and furnishes an example of the effectiveness of even minority sentiment when morally buttressed and presented with persistence.

The protests of Governor Baxter of Maine, Governor Bryan of Nebraska, Governor Sweet of Colorado, and Governor Blaine of Wisconsin have appeared in the press. Governor Bryan consented to mobilization of the Guard, but Governor Sweet has refused even this participation. Governor Baxter declares he will take no action toward securing observance of the day. Upon publication of Governor Baxter's statement which was the first of the series, Governor Blaine of Wisconsin wired him, heartily agreeing with his position.

Governor Smith of New York, who has kept the matter before him for some time, has finally agreed to cooperate in the plan but has called upon the public to go to church on September 12 and give thanks for the preservation of peace and security and to pray for the continuing of goodwill among all nations. . . .

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Main Street's Been Paved!

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

WHEN *THE NATION* ASKED ME to visit Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and ask the real he-Americans what they thought of the presidential campaign, I was reluctant. Of all the men whom I met in Gopher Prairie years ago, during that college vacation when I gathered my slight knowledge of the village, Dr. Will Kennicott was the one whom I best knew, and for him I held, and hold, a Little Brother awe. He is merely a country practitioner, not vastly better than the average, yet he is one of these assured, deep-chested, easy men who are always to be found when you want them, and who are rather amused by persons like myself that go sniffing about, wondering what it all means.

I telegraphed the doctor asking whether he would be home, for sometimes in summer he loads his wife and the three boys in his car and goes north for a couple of weeks' fishing. He answered—by letter; he never wastes money by telegraphing. Yes. He was in Gopher Prairie till the middle of August; would be glad to talk with me; knew Carrie (his wife) would enjoy a visit with me also, as she liked to get the latest gossip about books, psychoanalysis, grand opera, glands, etc., and other interests of the intellectual bunch in N. Y.

I arrived in Gopher Prairie on No. 3, the Spokane Flier. Many people will be interested to know that No. 3 is now leaving Minneapolis at 12:04, that the St. Dominick stop has been cut out, and that Mike Lembcke, the veteran trainman so long and favorably known to every drummer traveling out of Mpls., has been transferred to the F line, his daughter having married a man in Tudor.

I was interested to see the changes in Gopher Prairie in the past ten years. Main Street now has three complete blocks paved in cement. The Commercial and Progress Club had erected a neat little building with a room to be used either for pleasure and recreation or for banquets; it has card tables, a pool table, a top-notch radio; and here on important occasions, like the visit of the Congressman or the entertainment of the Twin City Shriners' Brass Band, the ladies of the Baptist Church put up a regular city feed for the men folks. The lawns are prettier than they used to be; a number of the old mansions—some of them dating back to 1885—have been rejuvenated and beautified by a coating of stucco over the clapboards; and Dave Dyer has a really remarkable California bungalow, with casement windows, a kind of Swiss chalet effect about the eaves, and one of the tallest radio aerial masts I have seen west of Detroit.

But quite as striking was the change in Dr. Kennicott's office.

The consulting-room has been lined with some patent material which looked almost exactly like white tiling—the only trouble with it, he told me, is that lint and so on sticks to it. The waiting-room is very fetching and comfortable, with tapestry-cushioned reed chairs and a long narrow Art Table on which lie *Vogue*, the *Literary Digest*, *Photo Play*, and *Broadcasting Tidings*.

When I entered, the doctor was busy in the consulting-room, and waiting for him was a woman of perhaps forty, a smallish woman with horn-rimmed spectacles which made her little face seem childish, though it was a childishness dubious and tired and almost timid. She must once, I noted, have been slender and pretty, but she was growing dumpy and static, and about her was an air of having lost her bloom.

I did not at first, though I had often talked to her, recognize her as Carol, Dr. Kennicott's good wife.

She remembered me, however, by my inescapable ruddiness and angularity; and she said that the doctor and she did hope I'd drop in for a little visit after supper—she was sorry they couldn't invite me to supper, but the new hired girl was not coming along as well as they had hoped, as she was a Pole and couldn't speak a word of English. But I must be sure to come. There would be a really fine concert from WKZ that evening—of course so much of the broadcast stuff was silly, but this would be a real old-time fiddler playing barn-dance music—all the familiar airs, and you could hear his foot stamping time just as plain as though he were right there in the room—the neighbors came in to enjoy it, every Thursday evening. Oh! And could I tell her—— There'd been such an argument at the Thanatopsis Club the other day as to what was the *dernier cri* in literature just now. What did I think? Was it Marcel Proust or James Joyce or "So Big" by Edna Ferber?

She couldn't wait any longer for the doctor. Would I mind telling him to be sure to bring home the thermos bottle, as they would need it for the Kiwanis picnic?

SHE whispered away. I thought she hesitated at the door. Then the big, trim doctor came out of the consulting-room, patting the shoulder of a frightened old woman, and chuckling, "So! So! Don't you let 'em scare you. We'll take care of it all right!"

From his voice any one would have drawn confidence; have taken a sense of security against the world—though perhaps a sense of feebleness and childishness and absurdity in comparison with the man himself; altogether the feeling of the Younger Brother.

I fumbled at my mission.

"Doctor, a New York magazine—you may not have heard of it, but I remember that Mrs. Kennicott used to read it till she switched over from it to the *Christian Science Monitor—The Nation*, it's called; they asked me to go around and find out how the presidential campaign is starting, and I thought you'd be one of the——"

"Look here, Lewis, I've got a kind of a hunch I know exactly what you want me to do. You like me personally—you'd probably take a chance on my doctoring you. But you feel that outside of my business I'm a complete dumbbell. You hope I'm going to pull a lot of bonehead cracks about books and writings and politics, so you can go off and print 'em. All right. I don't mind. But before you lash me to the mast and show me up as a terrible reactionary—that's what you parlor socialists call it, ain't it?—before you kid me into saying the things you've already made up your mind you're going to make me say, just come out and make a few calls with me, will you?"

As I followed him downstairs I had more than usual of the irritated meekness such men always cast over me.

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He pointed to a handsome motor with an inclosed body.

"You see, Lewis, I'm doing all the Babbitt things you love to have me do. That's my new Buick coop, and strange to say I'd rather own it—paid for in advance!—than a lot of cubist masterpieces with lop-jawed women. I know I oughtn't to get that way. I know that if I'd just arrange my life to suit you and the rest of the highbrows, why, I'd make all my calls on foot, carrying a case of bootlegged wood alcohol under one arm and a few choice books about communism under the other. But when it drops much below zero, I've got a curious backwoods preference for driving in a good warm boat."

I became a bit sharp. "Hang it, doctor, I'm not a fool. Personally, I drive a Cadillac!"

THIS happened to be a lie. The only mechanical contrivance I own is not a Cadillac but a Royal typewriter. Yet I was confused by his snatching away my chance to be superior by being superior to me, and for the second I really did believe I could beat him at motoring-owning as I can beat him at theories of aesthetics.

He grinned. "Yeh, you probably do. That's why you haven't got any excuse at all. I can understand a down-and-outer becoming a crank and wanting to have Bob La Follette or this William X. Foster—or, God! even Debs!—for President. But you limousine socialists, a fellow like you that's written for the real he-magazines and might maybe be right up in the class of Nina Wilcox Putnam or even Harry Leon Wilson, if you did less gassing and drinking and more work and real hard thinking—how you can go on believing that people are properly impressed by your pose of pretending to love all the lousy bums—well, that's beyond me. Well, as I said: Before we go into politics and Coolidge, I want to show you a couple of things to point out what I mean."

He called to Dave Dyer, in the drug-store. Dave is really an amiable fellow; he used to keep me supplied with beer; and we would sit up, talking science or telling dirty stories or playing stud poker, till a couple of hours after everybody else in town had gone to bed—till almost midnight.

Dave came out and shouted: "Glad to see you again, Lewis."

"Mighty nice to see you, Dave."

"I hear you been up in Canada."

"Yuh, I was up there f'r little trip."

"Have nice trip?"

"You bet. Fine."

"Bet you had a fine trip. How's fishing up there?"

"Oh, fine, Dave. I caught an eleven-and-a-half pound pickerel—jack-fish they call 'em up there—well, I didn't exactly catch it personally, but my brother Claude did—he's the surgeon in St. Cloud."

"Eleven naf pounds, eh? Well, that's a pretty good-sized fish. Heard you been abroad."

"Yes."

"Well. . . . How'd the crops strike you in Canada?"

"Fine. Well, not so good in some parts."

"How long you planning stay around here?"

"Oh, just a couple days."

"Well, glad to seen you. Drop in and see me while you're here."

I was conscious, through this agreeable duologue, that Dr. Kennicott was grinning again. Dave Dyer's amiability had lubricated my former doubtfulness and I was able to say almost as one on a plane of normality with him: "Oh, what are you sniggering at?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing—posolutely Mr. Leopold, absotively Mr. Loeb. (Say, that's a pretty cute one, eh? I got it off the radio last night.) I just mean it always tickles me to see the way you loosen up and forget you're a highbrow when you run into a regular guy like Dave. You're like Carrie. As long as she thinks about it, she's a fierce Forward Looker and Deep Thinker and Viewer with Alarm. But let the hired girl leave the iron on a tablecloth and burn it, and Carrie forgets all about being a Cultured Soul and bawls hell out of her. Sure. You write about Debs, but I'd like to see you acting natural with him like you do with Dave!"

"But really, I'm very fond of Gene."

"Yeh. Sure. 'Gene' you call him—that's the distress signal of your lodge—all you hoboes and authors and highbrows have to say 'Gene.' Well, I notice when you talk to Dave, you talk American, but when you get uplifty on us, you talk like you toted a monocle. Well, climb in."

I considered the sure skill, the easy sliding of the steering-wheel, with which he backed his car from the curb, slipped it forward, swung it about the new automatic electric traffic signal at the corner of Main and Iowa, and accelerated to thirty-five.

"I guess you've noticed the paving on Main Street now," he said. "People that read your junk prob'ly think we're still wading through the mud, but on properly laid cement the mud ain't so noticeable that it bothers you any! But I want to show you a couple of other things that otherwise you'd never see. If I didn't drag you out, your earnest investigation would consist of sitting around with Carrie and Guy Pollock, and agreeing with them that we hicks are awful slow in finally making Gopher Prairie as old as Boston. . . . Say, do you play golf?"

"No, I haven't——"

"Yeh. Thought so. No Fearless Author or Swell Bird would condescend to lam a pill. Golf is a game played only by folks like poor old Doc Kennicott of G. P., and the Prince of Wales and Ring Lardner and prob'ly this H. G. Wells you're always writing about. Well, cast your eye over that, will you."

We had stopped, here on the edge of Gopher Prairie—this prairie village lost in immensities of wheat and naivetes, this place of Swede farmers and Seventh Day Adventists and sleeve-garters—beside a golf course with an attractive clubhouse, and half a dozen girls wearing smart skirts and those Patrick sweaters which are so much more charming, more gay, than anything on Bond Street or Rue de la Paix.

And in a pasture beside the golf course rested an aeroplane.

I could say only: "Yes. I see. But why the aeroplane?"

"Oh, it just belongs to a couple more Main Streeters from some place in Texas that are taking a little tourist trip round all the golf courses in the country—terrible pair, Lewis; one of 'em is a Methodist preacher that believes hard work is better for a man than whiskey—never would dare to stand up in a bacteriological argument with this give-'em-the-razz scientist friend of yours, DeKruif; and the other is a cowardly lowbrow that got his Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and is now guilty of being vice-president of a railroad. And one other curious little thing: I went into Mac's barber-shop to

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get my shoes shined this morning, and Mac says to me: 'Afraid you got to let 'em go dusty, Doc—the bootblack is out playing golf.' Now, of course, we're a bad, mean, capitalistic bunch that 're going to vote for that orful Wall Street hireling, Coolidge. In fact, we're reg'lar sadists. So naturally we don't mind playing golf with the bird that blacks our shoes, and we don't mind the hired girl calling us by our first names, while you earnest souls——"

He had forced me to it. "Oh, go to hell!"

He chuckled. "Oh, we'll save you yet. You'll be campaigning for Cal Coolidge."

"Like hell I will!"

"Look, Lewis. May I, as a rube, with nothing but an A. B. from the U of Minn (and pretty doggone good marks in all subjects, too, let me tell you!) inform you that you pulled 'hell' twice in successive sentences, and that the first person singular future indicative of the verb 'to be' is 'shall' and not 'will'? Pardon my hinting this to a stylist like you. . . . Look, I'm not really trying to razz you; I'm really trying the best method of defense, which I believe is attack. Of course you don't think so. If the Japs were invading America, you'd want to have a swell line of soap boxes built along the California coast, and have this bird Villard, and this John Haynes Holmes, and this Upton Sinclair—and prob'ly Lenin and Trotzky and Mother Eddy and some Abrams practitioners and Harry Thaw—all get up on 'em and tell the dear artistic Japs how you love 'em, and then of course they'd just be too *ashamed* to come in and rape our women. But, personally, I'd believe in going out with one grand sweet wallop. Get 'em."

"Doctor, you have two advantages. Like all conservatives, all stout fellows, you can always answer opponents by representing them as having obviously absurd notions which they do not possess, then with tremendous vigor showing that these non-existent traits are obviously absurd, and ignoring any explanation. But we cranks try to find out what is the reality of things—a much less stout and amusing job. And then, while we admit enormous ignorances, you never try to diagnose anything you can't physic or cut out. You like to do an appendectomy, but an inquiry into the nature of 'success'——"

"I've noticed one funny thing in all your writings and stuff, Lewis. Whenever you have to refer to a major operation, you always make it an appendectomy. Have you a particular fondness for 'em, or don't you know the names of any others? I'd be glad to buy you a medical dictionary. All right. I'll quit. Now I want to show you a few other changes in G. P."

He drove back into town; he pointed out the new schoolbuilding, with its clear windows, perfect ventilation, and warm-hued tapestry brick.

"That," he said, "is largely Vida Wutherspoon's doing. Remember her and you and Carrie used to argue about education? You were all for having Jacques Loebs and Erasmuses and Mark Hopkinses teaching, and she concentrated on clean drinking-pails. Well, she pounded at us till we built this. . . . Meantime, what've *you* done for education?"

I ignored it, and asked what sort of teachers in this admirably ventilated building were explaining Homer and biochemistry and the glory of God to the youth of Gopher Prairie.

"The teachers? Oh, I guess they're a bunch of dubs like the rest of us; plain ordinary folks. I guess they don't know much about Homer and biochemistry. . . . By the way, in which school are *you* giving your superior notions about Homer and biochemistry, and meanwhile correcting themes, and trying to help the girls that get so inspired by the sort of junk you and Mencken write that they blow home at three G. M., lit to the guards? You hint—of course you haven't met any of 'em but you know it all beforehand—you aren't satisfied with our teaching; we've got a bunch of dumb-bells. . . . Willing to come here and teach Latin, math, and history, so they'll be done right? I'm on the schoolboard. I'll get you the job. Want to?"

At my answer he sniggered and drove on. He showed me the agreeable new station—depot, I think he called it—with its flower-bordered park; the old-fashioned English garden put in by a retired German farmer; and the new State fish-hatchery. He demanded: "Well, how about it? Main Street seem to be existing almost as well as the average back alley of some burg in Italy?"

"Certainly. You have them completely beaten—materially!"

"I see. Well, now we've got one other exhibit that we, anyway, don't think is just 'material'—how birds like you love that word! We've got a baseball team that's licked every town of our size in the State, and we got it by hiring a professional pitcher and coach for five months, and going down into our jeans, without any 'material' return, and paying him three hundred dollars a *week!*"

"How much do you pay your teachers a *month?*" was all I had to say, but it provided voluble, inconclusive debate which lasted the twenty-odd miles to a hamlet called New Prague.

DR. KENNICOTT stopped at a peasant-like cottage in the Polish settlement of New Prague, and as he knocked I beheld him change from a Booster to the Doctor. What he did in that house I do not know. I do not understand these big suave men who go in to terrified women and perform mysteries and come out—calm, solid, like stockbrokers. During his fifteen minutes within there was the shriek of a woman, the homicidal voice of a man speaking some Slavic tongue—and as he started off he said to me only: "Well, I think I've got her to listen to reason."

"Good Lord, what reason? What do you mean? What happened in there? Who was the man? Her husband or another?"

I have never seen quite so coldly arrogant a cock of the eyebrow as Kennicott gave me.

"Lewis, I don't mind explaining my financial affairs to you, or my lack of knowledge of endocrinology, or my funny notion that an honest-to-God Vermont school-teacher like Cal Coolidge may understand America better than the average pants-maker who hasn't been over from Lithuania but six months. If you insist on it, of course I shouldn't mind a bit discussing my sexual relations to Carrie. *But* I do not ever betray my patients' confidence!"

It was splendid.

Of course it didn't happen to be true. He had often told me his secrets, with the patients' names. But aside from this flaw it was a noble attitude, and I listened becomingly as he boomed on:

"So! Let that pass. Now, why I brought you out here was: Look at this cross-roads burg. Mud and shacks and one big Ford garage and one big Catholic church. The limit. But look at those two Janes coming."

He lifted his square, competent hand from the steer-

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ing-wheel and pointed at two girls who were passing a hovel bearing the sign "Gas, Cigarettes, Pop, and EATS"; and those girls wore well-cut skirts, silk stockings, such shoes as can be bought nowhere in Europe, quiet blouses, bobbed hair, charming straw hats, and easily cynical expressions terrifying to an awkward man.

"Well," demanded Kennicott. "How about it? Hicks, I suppose!"

"They would look at home in Newport. Only——"

He exploded. "Sure. 'Only.' You birds always have to pull an 'only' or an 'except' when we poor dubs make you come look at facts! Now, do stop trying to be a wise cracker for about ten seconds and listen to a plain, hard-working, damn successful Regular Guy! Those girls—patients of mine—they're not only dressed as well as any of your Newports or Parises or anywhere else, but they're also darn' straight, decent, hard-working kids—one of 'em slings hash in that God-awful hick eating joint we just passed. And to hear 'em talk—Oh, maybe they giggle too much, but they're up on all the movies and radio and books and everything. And both their dads are Bohemians; old mossbacks; tough old birds with whiskers, that can't sling no more English than a mushrat. And yet in one generation, here's their kids—real queens. That's what we're producing here, while you birds are panning us—talking—talking——"

FOR the first time I demanded a right to answer. I agreed, I said, that these seemed to be very attractive, probably very clever little girls, and that it was noteworthy that in one generation they should have arisen, in all their radio-wise superiority, from the bewildered peasants one sees huddling at Ellis Island. *Only*, was it Doc Kennicott and Dave Dyer and the rest of Main Street who were producing them? Dr. Kennicott might teach them the preferability of listening to the radio instead of humming Czech folk-songs, but hadn't they themselves had something to do with developing their own pretty ankles, buying their own pretty silk stockings, and learning their own gay manners?

And, I desired to be informed, why was it that to Dr. Kennicott the sleek gaiety of socialistic Slavic girls in New York was vicious, a proof that they were inferior, a proof that no one save Vermont conservatives should be allowed to go through Ellis Island, while the sleek gaiety of movie-meditating Slavic girls on Main Street was a proof of their superiority? Was it because the one part had Dr. Kennicott for physician and the other did not?

There was debate again. I perceived that I had not begun to get my interview; that I was likely to be fired by Mr. Villard. I calmed the doctor by agreeing that his ideas were as consistent as they were practical; and at last I had him explaining Coolidgeism, while he drove back to Gopher Prairie at thirty-five on straight stretches, twenty on curves.

"WELL, I hope you're beginning to get things a little straighter now, Lewis. I wanted you to see some of the actual down-to-brass-tacks things we've *accomplished*—the paving on Main Street, the golf course, the silk stockings, the radios—before I explained why everybody around here except maybe a few sorehead farmers who'll vote for La Follette, and the incurable hereditary Democrats who'll stick by Davis, is going to vote for Coolidge. We're people that are doing things—we're working or warring—and in the midst of work or war you don't want a bunch of conversation; you want results.

"Now, first you expect me—prob'bly you've already got it written; darn' shame you'll have to change it—you expect me to pan hell out of Bob La Follette. You expect me to say he's a nut and a crook and a boob and a pro-German. Well, gosh, maybe I would've up till a couple of years after the war. But as a matter of fact, I'm willing—I'm glad to admit he's probably a darn' decent fellow, and knows quite a lot. Maybe it's even been a good thing, some ways, to have a sorehead like him in the Senate, to razz some of the saner element who otherwise might have been so conservative that they wouldn't have accomplished anything. I imagine prob'bly La Follette is a good, honest, intelligent man, a fighter, and a fellow that *does* things. But that's just the trouble. We mustn't be doing too many things, not just now. There's a ticklish situation in the world, with international politics all mixed up and everything, and what we need is men that, even if maybe they haven't got quite so much imagination and knowledge, know how to keep cool and not rock the boat.

"Just suppose a couple of years ago, when Banting was working out insulin for diabetes but his claims weren't confirmed yet, suppose you and all the rest of you Earnest Thinkers, including La Follette, had come to me hollering that I was wrong to go on doing the honest best I could just dieting my diabetes patients. You tell me about Banting—but equally you tell me about some other scientist named, say, Boggs, who had something new for diabetes. What'd I have done? Why, I'd of gone right on being a stingy old conservative and dieting my cases!

"Now, when it proves Banting is right and Boggs is wrong, I follow Banting and kick out Boggs, but I don't do either till I *know*. Boggs might have been a wiz, that took his degree of X. Y. Z. at Jena, but he was premature—he was wrong—he wanted to do too much. Well, La Follette is Boggs, a beaner but plumb wrong, and I and some twenty-thirty million other Americans, we're Coolidge, sitting back and watching, handing it to Banting and such when they prove they've got the goods, but never going off half-cocked.

"The trouble with La Follette isn't that he'd lay down on his job or not understand about railroads and the tariff but that he'd be experimenting all the time. He'd be monkeying around trying to fix things and change things all the time. And prob'bly there's lots of things that do need fixings. But just *now*, in these critical times, we need a driver that won't try to adjust the carburetor while he's making a steep hill.

"So. Not that I mean we're worried—as long as we have a cool head like Cal's at the wheel, with his Cabinet for four-wheel brakes. We ain't been half so worried as you Calamity Howlers. You say that unless La Follette is elected, gosh, the dome of the Capitol will slide off into the Potomac, and Germany will jump on France, and prob'bly my aerial mast will get blown down. Well, far's I can see, most of the folks around here are getting their three squares a day, and the only thing that seems to keep agriculture from progressing is the fact that the farmers can get three bucks a quart for white mule, so they're doing more distilling than manuring.

"Oh, yes, we've had bank failures and there's an increase of tenant-farming. But d' ever occur to you that maybe it's a good thing to close up a lot of these little

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one-horse banks, so we can combine on bigger and better ones? And about this tenant business; is that any worse than when every farmer owned his own land but had such a big mortgage plastered on it that he didn't really own it at all?

"No, sir, you got to look into these things scientifically. . . . Say, is that left front fender squeaking or do I imagine it? There, don't you hear it now? I do. I'll have Mat fix it. Gosh, how I hate a squeak in a car!

"Now I imagine this sheet *The Nation* tries to let on that the whole country is rising against the terrible rule of Coolidge. And I saw a copy of this *American Mercury* —Guy Pollock lent it to me—where some bird said Coolidge was nothing but a tricky little politician with nothing above the eyebrows. . . . By the way, notice that Ford and Edison and Firestone are going to call on him? Of course those lads, that 're merely the most successful men of affairs and ideas in the country, they're plumb likely to call on a four-flushing accident! Oh, sure!

"Well, now look here. First place, did you ever see a four-flusher that went on holding people's confidence? I never did—Oh, except maybe this chiropractor that blew into town three years ago and darned if he isn't still getting away with it! In the second place, suppose Cal were just a tricky little politician, without a he-idea in his bean. Well, what do you need for the office of President?

"For medicine, and for writing too, I imagine, some ways, you need *brains*. You're working single-handed, no one to pass the buck to, and you got to show results. But a preacher now, all he's got to do is to make a hit with his sermons, and a lawyer simply has to convince the poor cheeses on the jury that his learned opponent is a lying slob. In the same way, for President you need a fellow that can pull the wool over everybody's eyes, whether it's in the primaries back home in Hickville or whether it's dealing with Japan or Russia. If Cal can get by without having any goods whatever, then he's the boy we want, to keep the labor unions in order and kid along the European nations!

"Then, next place. . . . Oh, all this talk is just wasted energy. You know and I know that Coolidge is going to be elected. Be better if they called the election off and saved a lot of money, and damn the Constitution! Why, nobody is interested, not one doggone bit.

"As you ride around the country, do you hear anybody talking politics? You hear 'em talking about Leopold and Loeb, about Kid McCoy, about the round-the-world fliers, about Tommy Gibbons's battle in England, about their flivvers and their radios. But politics—nix! And why? Because they know Coolidge is already elected! Even the unregenerate old Democrats, that would love to have Brother Charlie run the country on the same darned-fool, unscientific, they-say basis on which William Jennings has the nerve to criticize evolution!

"I haven't met one single responsible well-to-do person who's for La Follette. Who've we got boosting him, then? Well, I can tell you—I can tell you mighty darn' quick! A lot of crank farmers that because they don't want to work and keep their silos filled want to make up for it by some one who, they hope, will raise the price of wheat enough so they can get by without tending to business! The fellows that 've always followed any crazy movement—that ran after the Populists and the Nonpartisan League! And a lot of workmen in the cities that think if some crank comes into office they'll all become federal employees and able to quit working!

"But aside from these hoboes—— Well, I guess I've asked a hundred people who they were going to vote for, some around G. P. and some on the smoker down to St. Paul, and ninety out of the hundred say: 'Why, gosh, I haven't thought much about it. Haven't had time to make up my mind. I dunno. Besides, anyway, I guess Cal is going to win.'

"Now, about these so-called 'exposures' of the Attorney General and so on. Well, I've always suspected there was a lot more to it than you saw on the surface—lot of fellows trying to make political capital out of it—and the fact that Wheeler is running with La Follette proves my contention, and I for one don't propose to let him get away with it, let me tell you that right now!

"Nope. Unless we have an awful' bad crop failure, and the crops never looked better than they do this year, we've got you licked. Cal is elected. It's all over but the shouting."

I CALLED on Kennicott and his wife after six o'clock supper, but I could not get the talk back to the campaign. Carol hesitated that, yes, she did admire La Follette, and Davis must be a man of fine manners if he could be ambassador to the Court of St. James's, but just this year, with so many bank failures and all, it wasn't safe to experiment, and she thought she would vote for Coolidge; then some other time we could try changes. And now—brightening —had I seen "The Miracle" and "St. Joan"? Were they really as lovely and artistic as people said?

It was time to tune in on the barn-dance music from WKZ, and we listened to "Turkey in the Straw"; we sat rocking, rocking, the doctor and I smoking cigars, Carol inexplicably sighing.

At ten I felt that they would rather more than endure my going, and I ambled up a Main Street whose glare of cement pavement, under a White Way of resplendent electric lights, was empty save for bored but ejaculatory young men supporting themselves by the awning-cords in front of Billy's Lunch Room and the Ford Garage. I climbed to the office of Guy Pollock, that lone, fastidious attorney with whom Carol and I used once, in the supposition that we were "talking about literature," to exchange book titles.

He was at home, in his unchanged shabby den, reading Van Loon's "Story of the Bible."

He was glad to see me. With Kennicott I had felt like an intruder; to Carol I seemed to give a certain uneasiness; but Guy was warm.

After amenities, after questions about the death of this man, the success of that, I murmured, "Well, there've been a lot of changes in the town—the pavement and all."

"Yes, a lot. And there's more coming. We're to have a new water system. And hourly buses to the Twin Cities —fast as the trains, and cheaper. And a new stone Methodist church. Only——"

"'Ware that word!"

"I know it. Only—only I don't like the town as well as I used to. There's more talk, about automobiles and the radio, but there's less conversation, less people who are interested in scandals, politics, abstractions, gallantries, smut, or anything else save their new A batteries. Since Dr. Westlake died, and this fellow Miles Bjornstam went away, and Vida Sherwin's become absorbed in her son's

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progress in the Boy Scouts, and even Carol Kennicott—Oh, well, the doctor has convinced her that to be denunciatory or even very enthusiastic isn't quite respectable—I don't seem to be awakened by the talk of any one here.

"And in the old days there were the pioneers. They thought anybody who didn't attend an evangelical church every Sunday ought to be lynched, but they were full of juice and jests. They're gone, almost all of them. They've been replaced by people with bath-tubs and coupés and porch-furniture and speed-boats and lake-cottages, who are determined that their possessions of these pretty things shall not be threatened by radicals, and that their comments on them shall not be interrupted by mere speculation on the soul of man.

"Not, understand me, that I should prefer the sort of little people you must find in Greenwich Village, who do nothing but chatter. I like people who pay their debts, who work, and love their wives. I wouldn't want to see here a bunch of superior souls sitting on the floor and dropping cigarette butts in empty hootch glasses. Only——"

He scratched his chin. "Oh, I don't know. But it depresses me so, the perpetual bright talk about gas-mileage and mah jong here. They sing of four-wheel brakes as the Persian poets sang of rose leaves; their religion is road-paving and their patriotism the relation of weather to Sunday motoring; and they discuss balloon tires with a quiet fervor such as the fifteenth century gave to the Immaculate Conception. I feel like creeping off to a cottage in the Massachusetts hills and taking up my Greek again. Oh, let's talk of simpler things!"

"Then tell me your opinion of the presidential campaign. I suppose you'll vote for Coolidge. I remember you always liked books that the public libraries barred out as immoral, but you wanted to hang the I. W. W. and you thought La Follette was a doubtful fellow."

"Did I? Well, this time I'm going to vote for La Follette. I think most of the people who resent, when they go calling, having good talk interrupted by having to listen to morons saying 'Well, good evening, folks!' amid the demoniac static from the loud-speaker—most of them *must* vote for La Follette, and if we don't elect him this year, some time we shall. I have faith that the very passion in the worship of the Great God Motor must bring its own reaction."

"Kennicott feels he has us beaten forever."

"If he has, if the only voice ever to be heard at the altar is Coolidge on the phonograph and the radio, then our grandsons will have to emigrate to Siberia. But I don't believe it. Even the Kennicotts progress—I hope. His ancestors ridiculed Harvey, then Koch, and Pasteur, but he accepts them; and his grandsons will laugh at Coolidge as Kennicott now laughs at the whiskers of Rutherford B. Hayes.

"But meanwhile I feel a little lonely, in the evenings. Now, that the movies have, under the nation-wide purification by fundamentalism and the rigid Vermont ideals of the President, changed almost entirely from the lively absurdities of cowpuncher films to unfaithful wives and ginny flappers in bathing suits, I can't even attend them. I'm going—and, Lord, how I'll be roasted by the respectable lawyers!—I'm going out to campaign for La Follette!

"We must all do it. We've been bullied too long by the Doc Kennicotts and by the beautiful big balloon tires that roll over the new pavement on Main Street—and over our souls!"

La Follette's "Strategy"

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

EVERY presidential candidate, as this writer is never wearied of pointing out, must have a strategy. The press gallery insists upon it. Further, in order to acquire a strategy he must have a "board" of strategy. The members of the board sit and "analyze the situation" and return to their chief and say: "We discover that most of the members of our party are Presbyterians. We accordingly, after much thinking, have worked it out that it would be a great stroke of policy on your part if you would refrain from denouncing John Calvin by name."

They give the candidate this strategical advice; and then the candidate, so far as this writer has ever been able to solve what happens, goes and consults his own temperament.

This writer stands for the theory that politics is much less mysterious, much less strategical, much less insincere, much more natural, much more instinctive, much simpler than often it is made out to be.

Mr. John W. Davis simply cannot help stressing international affairs. He happens personally to be interested in them. He has had personal experience in them. They come close to his mind. They come close to his heart. If he consulted strategy, he would be much more cautious in approaching that subject. The so-called Dawes report has the center of the international stage. Rightly or wrongly—and it makes no difference strategically which—the so-called Dawes report is popularly regarded as the greatest international achievement since the surrender of Germany. Every time Mr. Davis mentions international affairs he advertises the Republican candidacy for the Vice-Presidency. Nevertheless Mr. Davis conscientiously and passionately believes that a better way of conducting the European relations of the United States can be and should be devised, and he simply has to bear testimony to that belief.

Similarly, Calvin Coolidge, if he really consulted strategy, would be far more cautious in criticizing and opposing excess-profits taxes and in favoring and advocating reductions of the higher income surtaxes. Such ideas are far from being really popular. Mr. Coolidge nevertheless, conscientiously and with all the vehemence of a Vermont pocket-book, believes that taking large sums of money away from an individual in order to give it to the Government and to bureaucratic endeavors is a bad thing for the neighbors and for their prosperity.

Politicians all the time are doing violence to their strategical interests in favor of their temperamental preferences.

For this confiding, innocent, child-like view of politics this writer is much derided by his friends. He takes refuge in the conviction that there are more things than the Kingdom of Heaven which cannot be understood except by being sufficiently child-like to understand men of action.

Their professional observers may be grown up. They themselves are children. They do not, in fact, act by strategy. They act by something within them which makes them so act. It may be called impulse. It may be called creative evolution. Whatever it is, it is the thing which compels their behavior; and that is the reason why Napoleon went to Moscow to ruin and why Caesar went across

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the Rubicon to glory. Each was infinitely wise. Each nevertheless, irrespective of wisdom, followed something in him that made him want to do what he did, and he did it.

Davis, Coolidge, La Follette, each may think of strategy, but each in the end is more dominated by his nature than by his thought. Or, perhaps to put it more exactly, he is more dominated by impulses than by calculations.

La Follette, by nature, by impulses, is led to the question of monopoly.

How much intense public interest is there today in the question of monopoly? Surely any observer of public sentiment could name at least six or seven other public questions which are more exciting to the contemporary public than the question of monopoly. Nevertheless, La Follette absolutely will make the question of monopoly the leading question in his efforts to acquire the Presidency.

He will subordinate the question of the Ku Klux Klan. He will subordinate the question of the railroads. He will subordinate the question of public ownership of railroads. He will subordinate the question of agriculture and the question of labor, though the bulk of his support is strategically supposed to come from agriculturists and laborers. He will subordinate the direct appeal to them. He principally and dominantly will assail monopoly.

It is the good old ancestral Northwestern issue. Ignatius Donnelly had it. The Grangers had it. The Greenbackers had it. The Populists had it. The Progressives of 1912, being led by a New Yorker, did not have it so much. They discriminated between "good trusts" and "bad trusts."

The Northwesterners are not so subtle. They are more old-fashioned. They are for competition. They are for "the law of supply and demand."

Does anybody want to know the biggest joke in this campaign? Here it is: Business men say they are for "the law of supply and demand." That is one of their staples of conversation. That is one of their verbal immortal principles. They would rather talk about "the law of supply and demand" than about anything else. Then often they have entered into combinations and conspiracies through which by concerted action "the law of supply and demand" is negatived.

La Follette is for eliminating and uprooting and destroying all combinations and conspiracies, in so far as they are artificial, and for restoring competition and for allowing "the law of supply and demand" to go actually and ruthlessly to work. La Follette is actually and ruthlessly for the stuff which the business community says it is for.

How many voters will ever get that point? How many voters would give one minute off from a movie to understand the inwardness—whatever it may be—of the anthracite coal situation?

Such considerations will not—and cannot—deter La Follette any more than the indifference of the public to foreign affairs can deter Davis or any more than the hostility of the public to low taxes for the rich can deter Coolidge. Each candidate will follow something in him that is superior to strategy and superior to any regard for the feelings of that great supposed despot which each of them affects to worship—the electorate.

The world is not governed by great men who calculate the world. It is governed by great men who are sufficiently themselves to imagine that what they want the world wants too.

Is that view of politics child-like?

The New Psychology and the Franks Case

By LEONARD BLUMGART

THE letters Judge Caverly has been receiving each day of the trial of the murderers Loeb and Leopold are a slight indication of the enormous number of people who have sat in judgment on them. No doubt some have imagined themselves in the place of the parents of the murderers, or of their legal defenders or prosecutors, many in the place of the murderers themselves. By far the greatest number probably have identified themselves with the presiding judge and passed sentence.

Their approach to the case is for the most part subjective and emotional, yet those who are most clamorous for the death penalty rationalize it as a warning to future offenders. Even a practicing psychoanalyst with whom I talked was for hanging, for he holds the common belief that fear is the greatest preventive of crime. It never seemed to occur to him that fear is also a great cause of crime. May not crime be a result of the individual's primitive striving to overcome some real or imagined deficiency in his personality?

In the cases under discussion practically all the behavior can be viewed as compensation for a sense of inferiority either physical or emotional. The over-development of Leopold's intellectual life was a never-ending and ineffectual attempt to defend himself against his own homosexual perversion. He trained himself to have no emotions, because he associated all feeling with the one feeling which he knew marked him out from his fellows, and which he feared and abhorred. Leopold's fear of his own abnormal feelings, not fear of the consequences of his crime, was the basic cause of most of his behavior. The greatest deterrent of crime is intelligence. To quote the psychoanalyst again, "Why, Leopold has a superb intelligence!" Undoubtedly Leopold has a very superior intellect, as Dr. Healy's examination showed, but one would hardly call his behavior intelligent.

The psychiatrists for the defense made an objective examination of the physical, intellectual, and emotional aspects of the defendants' lives. They tried to cover all three aspects not only of the boys' present condition, but of their past and family history as well. The court and public opinion put a limit to that completeness. This is obvious from the testimony, and the evidence suppressed was unquestionably the most important. For it would have revealed the beginnings of these young men's abnormal behavior in abnormal instincts or perverse manifestations of normal instincts. Such beginnings, if observed today by a psychiatrist trained in the new psychology, would call for definite measures of reeducation. There must have been human beings like Loeb and Leopold before, but there has never been the scientific knowledge to illuminate them that we now possess in the method of psychoanalysis.

Leopold would have been easier to reeducate than Loeb. The evidence tends to show that Leopold is the victim of a neurosis, Loeb of a psychosis. The former is in all probability a functional disorder, while the latter acts more like an organic illness. Its chief characteristic is a progressive mental and emotional deterioration with a fantastic dilapidation. All the stories current concerning

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young Loeb, even though they are exaggerated by rumor and gossip, have a common denominator of fantastic and bizarre behavior. Leopold, on the other hand, has done brilliant intellectual work. Dr. Healy of Boston testified that he did a test in three minutes and fifteen seconds for which the best previous record was five minutes. At fifteen he had gathered and perfectly catalogued 3,000 specimens of birds. A short time before the murder he appeared before an ornithological congress, read a paper and showed movies of birds that most ornithologists had considered extinct. What patience, what persistence, what knowledge he displayed! Yet very few persons understand why he developed this intellectual power—to suppress and repress his own perverse processes. Were the public ready, it could hear of as tragic a perversion of normal instincts, as hopeless and tremendous a struggle against them as was ever made. But no, the pyschiatrists had to lower their voices, and even then they were prevented from telling all they knew.

The experts for the prosecution took their stand on the psychiatry of twenty years ago, which makes a sharp distinction between behavior which is insane and that which is criminal. Such men as Dr. William Healy, in his books, especially "The Individual Delinquent"; Dr. Bernard Glueck in this country, and Dr. M. Hamblin Smith, medical officer of H. M. Prison in Birmingham, England, in his book "The Psychology of the Criminal," are approaching the criminal in a newer way. They emphasize the importance of a diagnosis before treatment and of treatment instead of punishment; and they hold that the only method of investigating the relation of psycho-pathology to crime is the clinical examination of the individual criminal. Dr. W. C. Sullivan, Medical Superintendent of the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum in England, in his recent book, "Crime and Insanity," shows that many a patient under his care would have been held fully responsible and sane by the psychiatrist of the prosecution.

The legal conception of insanity is undoubtedly correlated with some fundamental psychological condition. But the majority of psychiatrists still keep insanity and crime in separate logic-tight mental compartments, in the inherited belief that disorder of the intellect is the sole criterion of insanity. This explains the widely divergent opinions of the psychiatrists in the Franks case. Those for the defense hold that the emotions of man are his dominating force, while those for the prosecution, after an examination that remains color-blind to emotional disorders, with a clear conscience and conviction base opinions on the boys' intact intellectual processes. Dr. Patrick on being asked, "Was Richard Loeb mentally diseased?" said, "Not unless I am to assume that every man who commits a deliberate and cold-blooded murder is mentally diseased." One is tempted to ask what keeps him from making that assumption. Is such a murder to be classified as a sane act?

The history of man's attitude toward wrongdoing, be it in the form of sin, crime, or insanity, makes a very dark picture. It is not so many years ago that the sinner was burned and the insane chained in dungeons as moral criminals, nor so many more that the law-breaker was broken upon the wheel. I wonder if most of those who are crying out for the hanging of those boys are not actuated by the same impulses that moved medieval inquisitors.

What do we know about human responsibility for human behavior? The mental and emotional processes by which we first come to recognize the difference between our current standards of right and wrong and then act upon that knowledge are shrouded in complete darkness. Upon what mental or physical processes are they based? We do not know, not even in the two extreme cases before the public at present. If we do not understand the code, how can we hold anyone responsible for not following it? May it not be our responsibility that is lacking?

I do not indict the parents; I indict all society. As a practicing psychiatrist I have met too many potential Loebs and Leopolds to be as shocked as the public is. I know how blinded we are by love for our children, how blundering in our behavior toward them. This event may lead society to question its attitude toward crime, and even more toward children. I do not think the time far distant when all crime and all bad behavior will be approached as human illness is now, where moral questions do not enter in.

I make no sentimental plea for the criminal. When fully understood, my attitude may seem even more severe than our present one. It aims primarily not at the crime but at the criminal. I would make of every law-breaker a patient whose whole personality, including his heredity, his social, physical, and mental history from birth would be taken into account, and who would be treated on the basis of that complete understanding and not solely on the basis of his crime. The whole modern trend of psychiatry, education, and penology is in that direction. Nor do I lose sight of society's right to protect itself. But when it punishes the criminal in kind its behavior is the same as his with the sole exception of legal sanctification. I do plead for something better than legalized crime.

Suppose we imprison these boys for life or even hang them. We shall have disposed of them, but how much further are we toward an understanding of them or their kind? Have we not for centuries been acting like the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," whenever anything displeases us shouting, "Off with their heads"? And isn't it about time we answered, "Nonsense" as Alice did, "very loudly and decidedly"?

In the Driftway

THE junking of the famous steamships St. Louis and Kronprinz Wilhelm has been chronicled in *The Nation*, but what about the final voyage of the venerable cutter of the Coast Guard, which failed to get through the ice off the Alaskan coast on her fiftieth annual cruise to the Far North? Under a headline, "Bear Makes Last Trip," the Drifter noticed more than a month ago that this historic ship had been trapped a thousand miles north of Unalaska, her propellers disabled and her hull dented after a fierce tussle with the ice, and that orders had been sent by radio for her to return home as soon as possible. And then the scrap-heap!

* * * * *

SO the annual mail for Point Barrow—the northernmost tip of Alaska—and way stations will not get through by the Bear this year. What a pity that the old boat should fail on her *fiftieth trip!* If only she could have completed a half-century! But so it goes. Anyhow the Drifter thinks the Bear deserves a requiem. Fifty years of fighting with the ice and storms of the Bering Sea and

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the Arctic Ocean! It's not a record to treat flippantly. And before that the Bear was a Dundee whaler for heaven knows how long. She was bought by the American Government for the Greely relief expedition, and afterward became the connecting link between the gregarious life of our States and the lonely pioneers in our most northerly province. Healy's Puk Oomiak (fire canoe), the natives called her, from the name of an early skipper.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER never sailed aboard the Bear, but an anonymous correspondent has sent him some recollections which he is glad to pass on. He writes:

> So the Bear did not make it to Point Barrow? Well, that isn't the first time. Only a very few years ago I was on hand at the dock in Seattle to greet the little old six-knots-an-hour, 330-ton bark Belvedere (Captain and *Mrs.* Cottle) on her return from the very last whale hunt in Beaufort Sea. She and the Bear were the only two vessels that had gone North the previous year. But while the staunch and much more powerful U. S. S. C. Bear could not make Point Barrow by 500 miles, the little old Belvedere and her captain's wife, together with Portuguese harpooners and boat steerers and a crew of "undesirable" aliens with more or less dark skins, rounded the Point handily and leisurely poked along 1,000 miles eastward to Herschel Island, where a few people and Eskimos were patiently waiting for this their annual supply of tobacco, prunes, and morning mail.
>
> It is too bad that the Bear is suffering from arterio-sclerosis—or whatever her present owners call it—because I could name a number of men who for the next twenty years could perform with her Arctic epics to which she has been a stranger since her Scotch owners and skippers delivered her to Uncle Sam in St. Johns's harbor two generations back.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER'S correspondent is worried because the Bear is known as a cutter. "When I was at sea on little coasting windjammers and deep-sea fishers," he writes, "a cutter was a one-masted sailer, having one jib on its bowsprit and a staysail behind it, and why they call an auxiliary barkantine like the Bear a cutter is a question I want answered before I croak." Well, the Drifter can only remind his correspondent that what is now the Coast Guard used to be known as the Revenue Cutter Service. Isn't it a fair guess that this was organized back in the days when sail was still king and that the original vessels of the service—the boats that gave it its name—were cutters in fact? If so, what more natural than that the word should be carried along to their successors?

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER surmises also that the Bear must have been the boat that carried the yearly mail to a man for whose sense of system and spirit of self-control a monument ought to be erected. Sheldon Jackson used to tell the story. The man in question subscribed to a daily paper which used to arrive a year at a time every summer. Instead of diving into the heap and scattering it broadcast in the quest of news, this intelligent individual piled it carefully in chronological order and, beginning with the earliest date, read one newspaper a day for the following year. Thus he had his fresh daily newspaper throughout the year like any city dweller. But what strength of mind it must have required at times not to peep ahead?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dollar Patriotism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You do not seem to understand the true significance of Mobilization Day. It isn't militarism. It is business and politics. As a militarist our Secretary of War would make the ghost of Napoleon laugh. As a political strategist he knows the moves of the game, which requires only a low order of cunning. Our industries are to be mobilized. That means our industrial Babbitts are to be shown how their business would be boomed by a war. They are to get a little taste of the fat things the War Department can dispense if it is not hampered and harassed by pussyfoot pacifists. Babbitt is to be led up into a mountain and shown the rewards of political conformity. Rattle the saber? That is far from Mr. Weeks's purpose. He is going to jingle the dollar. That is all. When the Big Business Man sees what he can get out of it, he will not grudge the heavy taxation he has to pay for the brass buttons on the uniforms of our generals and admirals who collect the ducats for our Shylocks in Central America and the Caribbees.

Pittsburgh, August 4 GEORGE SEIBEL

"A Threat to the World"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take pleasure in sending you the inclosed copy of a resolution adopted at the last meeting of the Business and Professional Men's Association of Minneapolis.

> WHEREAS, The spirit of the United States is constantly asserted to be pacific and altruistic, and
>
> WHEREAS, The reputation of the United States as a peace-loving and altruistic nation received significant luster from the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and
>
> WHEREAS, The display of military force contemplated on September 12—Mobilization Day—will be contradictory to the spirit of good-will toward the peoples of the world and subversive of the interests of our own citizens who must thrive or fail with these peoples,
>
> *Therefore,* We, the members of the Business and Professional Men's Association of Minneapolis, Minnesota, do hereby protest against the aforesaid display of force, and do urge all other organizations that profess to humanitarian aims to do all in their power to prevent such a threat to the world, and we direct that a copy of this protest be sent to every such organization, to every newspaper in the Twin Cities, to every liberal periodical in the United States, to every Minnesota Congressman, to each of the United States senators from Minnesota, to the Secretary of War, to General John Pershing, and to President Coolidge.

This resolution was adopted at the regular luncheon meeting held on Tuesday noon, July 29, 1924.

Minneapolis, August 1 E. H. SUND, Secretary

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," and other novels and short stories, is covering much of his well-known territory for *The Nation*, interpreting the progress of the campaign in the minds of his friends.

LEONARD BLUMGART is a New York psychiatrist, a pupil of Freud and Rank.

WILBERT SNOW, winner of honorable mention in *The Nation's* poetry contest for 1923, is the author of "Maine Coast," a volume of verse.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is professor of philosophy at Vassar College and author of "American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism," and other works.

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Taking Away the Banking

By WILBERT SNOW

When March winds carried prophecies of June,
And gray days were no longer winter-killed,
We all went out and worked till afternoon
To take the spruce-limb banking off, and filled
The air with shouts, heaping what soon would be
A bonfire blazing by the willow-tree.

We tugged at big ends of the bottom brush,
The small ends as reluctant to let go
As winter was himself, although the rush
Of warmth, once started, was an overflow
Of sunny days, blue-birds, and brooklets racing
Like children from worn mothers, tired of chasing.

We found that spring already underneath
Had started on his work, the light-brown grasses
Were flaunting spots of green, the little teeth
Of mice and snouts of worms had chiseled passes—
Worms we sent wiggling as a tempting cud
For hungry flounders coming out of mud.

O there were ugly days enough to come,
With rain and sleet and April fluffs of snow,
Big winds that moaned and made the wires hum,
And neighbors calling out, "We told you so";
But looking on it now I think the days
We coaxed the spring along, and felt the rays

Of March intensify the balsam smell
In those green boughs, and saw the underpinning
Exposed once more, and children run pell-mell
To hunt for crocuses, set fancies spinning
More rapidly than blooming hours of May
When all the hills of God kept holiday.

Books

Rollo in America

The Contrast. By Hilaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers. By Allan Nevins. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

THE subtitle of Belloc's "The Contrast" should be "Alien America." It starts with the thesis that everything in these benighted States is different from everything in England. On this thesis it is possible to draw up a long list of contrasts —physical, social, political, religious, literary, linguistic. All this is not done in the style of Muirhead's "The Land of Contrasts," where the contrasts are internal ones, such as the discrepancies between theory and practice, between the talk about personal liberty and prohibitory legislation. Belloc is more fundamental. The difference between the Old World and the New is a difference of kind and not of degree. He does not, like Muirhead, feel that, if you want to see Old England, you must go to New England. No, the surprise that awaits the Englishman in landing on this Western strand is that America is alien, foreign, not Europe, not the Old World at all, but fundamentally, radically, profoundly different.

All this is obviously hard on the Anglomaniac, the Hands-Across-the-Sea gentry, the people who talk of Our English Cousins. Belloc has American cousins, but he intimates that they speak with a different intonation. He had a grandmother from Pennsylvania, and it was perhaps she who presented him with the Rollo Books from which he gained his first pictures of America. Now we take it that "Rollo's Tour in Europe" gives about as true a picture of the gay capitals of effete civilizations as Belloc's book does of this wild Western world. And just as Rollo had his Mr. George to explain things, so has Belloc. His Uncle George is the *genius loci,* the notion of the creative Spirit of the Place. Capitalize this conception and you have "that mysterious, but undeniable and potent influence" which gives American society in European eyes a wholly foreign tone.

The new Rollo, then, met with a surprise when as a boy he visited these parts and traveled from the Narrows of New York to the salt dust of the deserts where he watched the "faces and gestures of these new men, these foreigners." Europe and America, therefore, being two systems, universes, creations, standing apart, everything must be different. The air is alien; its quality is metallic. The trees are different; their lines lead upward, they do not spread out. The rivers are different; they sprawl, they are not regular like European rivers. The Ohio at Cincinnati is no more the Meuse than a steel engraving is a mezzotint. One might, however, point out that a man from Westchester County would find Oxfordshire homelike, a man from Colorado Springs would find Frascati familiar, because in the one case there is rolling country and in the other the mesa formation.

The physical contrast between Europe and America is not as great as the social. The Los Angeles realtor would agree that California is "a glorified Riviera," but he would not preserve this as a private sentiment. He would go out and disfigure the landscape with the statement. He would have what Belloc calls the essential mark of the American social spirit—a desire for publicity, the spirit of the market-place. With the European publicity is the exception and privacy the rule. Unfortunately this contrast seems true, at least for the time being. It is true that in miles of our suburbs there is no division between one man's land and another's, that front lawns have about as much privacy as the Boston Common. But a change is already upon us. Hedges are coming in even in White-Collar Avenue, while gravitation to a retired country life is becoming the goal of the retired millionaire.

In the social contrast Belloc has not entirely proved his point. The two different lands have not produced two different races. Rather, similar economic causes have brought about similar social results. The evolution of the snob has come from the amassing of wealth whether it be among captains of industry or the landed gentry, whether along the banks of the Hudson or the banks of the Thames.

If history has repeated itself in the social sphere, it has also in the political, and this Belloc acknowledges. He makes it out a contrast but most Americans would consider it a parallel. As he puts it: The American people of today differ from the Europeans in this, that they have retained in very large degree the instinct of monarchy and are daily increasing its scope, such as in the three forms, the governor of the State, the mayor of the great city, and the President of the whole federation. Some Americans point with pride to the powers of the President, claiming that he has more real influence than any foreign prince or potentate. The English writer, a frank medievalist, argues that if the chief executive be the chief representative of the democracy, then this fusion of the individual with the people is the very sacramental stamp of monarchy, as was shown by the novel and peculiar depth of the national mourning at the death of Mr. Harding.

Along with this admiration for the monarchical principle goes a certain disdain for so-called representative bodies. If the person of the prince is sacrosanct, a congress or parlia-

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ment, being impersonal, is therefore commonplace. Every thinking European, Mr. Belloc asserts, feels a natural reaction against the corrupt farce of his own contemptible parliaments as instanced in England by the Marconi scandal and by the sale of peerages. But is this a contrast with American politics? Belloc left our shores before the Sinclair affair. Big business seems much the same the world over. After it has made its pickings and stealings it grows pious. Malefactors of great wealth become benefactors of great wealth. We may not create Counts of Connecticut and Dukes of Delaware but we have our Carnegie institutes and our Rockefeller foundations and may some day have a Tea Pot Dome University.

One curious result of Belloc's book is that it plays into the hands of the Little American. The backwoods Congressman asks what we have to do with Europe. So does the English critic. The principle of contrast makes him a prophet of woe in foreign affairs. He declares that if America now attempts to arbitrate in post-war Europe, if one European interest or another captures American support, European and American culture are both doomed to receive wounds which may prove mortal.

As a sort of "control" to this latest transatlantic criticism we can utilize a native work. Nevins's "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" furnishes a perfect laboratory record of foreign reactions from 1789 on. There is the first period of utilitarian inquiry, the next of tory condescension, a third of unbiased portraiture, and the last of the records reaching from the Civil War to Kipling in his salad days and Chesterton with his amusing paradoxes.

Of these periods the second is the best known, for then the worst opinions were expressed. There was Mrs. Trollope, who objected to the domestic unmannerliness of the Americans, and above all Charles Dickens, who made us out a nation of great expectorators. As a contrast there were the less known earlier writers who took such topics as Washington at Mount Vernon and Jefferson at Monticello, emigrants crossing the Alleghanies, and the energy and prosperity of the American farmer, the last account, by William Cobbett, furnishing a sad contrast to the unhappy farmer of modern days. Probably the most interesting section is that of unbiased portraiture which describes the good old times from 1840 to 1870, when it was not illegal to bet on the races at Saratoga, when French cooking was not commercialized at New Orleans, and when prohibition did not prohibit in Maine.

Except for "Bull Run" Russell these writers, from Charles Lyell to Anthony Trollope, sketched our land with light but true touches. As Mr. Nevins rightly says, it was an era of detached appraisal without much political philosophy, when the attacks of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* were more and more forgotten, when the country had passed beyond the rawness of youth, and the increasing wealth and power of the republic inspired a more respectful attitude in its visitors—in short, a natural reaction following those unfair attacks which had contributed to the American tendency to regard England as an enemy. These were the writers who did a real service in Anglo-American relations. The previous captious critics who plucked the feathers from the American eagle were largely responsible for the politician's favorite indoor sport of twisting the lion's tail.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Retrospective

Fraycar's Fist. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni and Liveright. $2.

ART always does some violence to life. Of necessity it must rearrange, reemphasize, isolate. It is perhaps particularly arbitrary and violent in the case of that highly developed and interesting form, the modern short story, which by preference has as its core a dramatic episode conditioned by much that has gone before and with consequences reaching after, but whose concentration causes it to incline toward melodrama, romanticism, sentimentalism, an inclination given a decisive push, in the case of writers who wish to see their work published by editors convinced that the way to please the public is to startle and to titillate. Briefly the very excellences of the short-story form have caused it to be commercialized.

The professional, impatient, or impecunious writer grasps at an easy situation or an easy word to convey his idea, instead of waiting for the luminous right one, so much more difficult to seek. Naturally, if he is a professional he knows how to turn out what the editors think the public wants. He contents himself, as does Mrs. Vorse in these collected short stories, with "We sped along the wide and jeweled immensity of tropic seas," "Never have I seen any woman walk as she did, with the sure grace of a wild creature," "the everlasting smoke that rolls up night and day from the tall chimneys of the mills," and invents a fantastic plot, as in Northern Lights, to show us the difficulty of a woman's struggle to be a person as well as a female.

Mrs. Vorse, of course, falls into the professional class, and one feels that it is a matter of bad luck as to the time into which she happened to be born that in all these stories a strong natural talent must struggle with the ineptitudes of a highly developed form which has been commercialized. Ably effective in the presentation of her material, possessed of a continually fresh interest in people, having a wide knowledge of human emotions and reactions which she manages to get into her yarns even though she is a victim of the fallacy of writing about places and peoples most removed from herself, probably because they seem to her or to the public she must please most romantic—thus highly endowed, her stories are nevertheless, with one exception, unimportant.

In that one instance talent triumphs over the traditions in which it is enmeshed. Fraycar's Fist, in spite of the facile journalistic style, is truly great. Written with a nicer rectitude of phrase it would take its place beside the finest of recent short stories. As it is it is a memorable piece of work. Various young writers with gifts inferior to those of Mrs. Vorse are turning out stories better than the others in this retrospective volume, simply because a few pioneers have blazed the way to a more scrupulous understanding of material. But few of them have given us anything comparable to this lyric dirge of the striking steel-worker who died of rage.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A New Single Tax

The Economics of Freedom. By David Atkins. Duffield and Company. $4.

THIS is a hard book to review. An engineer turned economist ought to be easy to understand, but Mr. Atkins is not. If his position is not fairly presented, then, it is due to no lack of honest effort.

Mr. Atkins (in the latter part of his book) puts forward his proposals "to make taxation scientific and impersonal—and then forget it" and "to construct a basic and unimpairable measure of value and then employ it, not as a thing of value but as an entirely unprejudiced means of recording justly the sensitive, critical, and vital human appraisements of goods, services, facilities, culture, and order which give them value." These two important ends he would attain by laying all taxes throughout the national area upon land, on the basis of its area (not its value) modified by population density, and by using as money certificates of land ownership. Under his plan our internal currency would read thus: "These notes are issued in acknowledgment of land-titles, lodged in the United States Treasury, valued in terms of population density and guaranteed by a proportional obligation for the insurance of order." These notes would be redeemable on demand by a receipt for current or future taxation; and according to Mr. Atkins they could

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never lose value, for the national area is the fixed datum in national economic life. As population grows, as invention proceeds, as capital increases, as obstruction to production (resistance, to quote Mr. Atkins's favorite term) is lessened, output per acre-man-hour becomes larger. Therefore the command over value, that is, freedom, represented by a given area will increase rather than diminish. A dollar under this plan is to be "the expression of a definite fraction of the effort of total population, as modified by the cost of order, on total acreage for all time," though Mr. Atkins does not make it clear why the fraction will remain constant. The sharpest critics of his dollar, however, will doubtless concede it more stability than is possessed by that jumping-jack, our present "gold" dollar.

Effort, according to Mr. Atkins, is a means to freedom (an undefined central term broadly used—sometimes, it seems, almost synonymously with life itself). Freedom, or life, not goods, then, is the end—good liberal economic doctrine. Under autocracy, effort could be compelled by force; under democracy (a term used in the idealistic sense of self-imposed order), it can only be induced either by spur of material necessity or by the illimitable desire for more freedom. The total of value, that is, freedom, created by effort, is limited by the resistance of the area in which it is exerted. The first condition of lessened resistance is order; the second, common facilities, like roads and education. The furnishing of these conditions is the sole proper function of government. The taxation essential thereto is the responsibility of the landholder, whose control of the only basic wealth rests wholly on order, and who should pay on the basis of area and population density, and nothing else. Given this impersonal taxation and an unimpairable measure of value, Mr. Atkins believes that "reckoning upon our unquenchable desire for freedom, we are assured, with the one provision of order, a flow of effort more constant and spontaneous as a whole than anything we know in physics." Every honestly working individual could command a handsome minimum wage, while the progressive elimination of resistance would accelerate the flow of value, which everyone might share by individual effort.

The fundamental questions raised cannot be critically discussed in a brief review. Perhaps Mr. Atkins will allow even an economist to agree with him in his reprobation of the gold standard and his criticism of the economists for forgetting man's dependence on land, in their too great preoccupation with capital and interest. (Problems of the latter class Mr. Atkins skims lightly, by the way.) He will probably admit to a highly idealized conception of democracy and to practical difficulties of the first order both in the transition to his scheme and in its practical operation. If denied his easy assumption of a continued currency inflation during the coming quarter century, he will probably agree that his plan of transition means confiscation of present values on an enormous scale. But he will doubtless maintain against all comers the soundness and stability of a currency based on a fractional part of the national value as measured by land area and population and the correctness of a system of taxation on the same basis. His conception of value in terms of freedom, or life, and as depending on resistance to be overcome, does not seem so new as he appears to think, but is rather reminiscent of Professor Patten, and no less stimulating on that account. His book is far too long and repetitious; it is distinctly unsuccessful in getting the central things clearly and constantly before the reader; its psychology, I humbly submit, is defective, as perhaps befits the work of an engineer; and its manners are unnecessarily bad. To put forward real ideas under such a handicap is unfortunate; for it makes an undue demand on both the intelligence and the temper of the reader. Let him read patiently, nevertheless; for until men learn their true relation to the land, and learn to make money their servant instead of their capricious master, their economic life will continue to be in chaos.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Proust in English

Within a Budding Grove. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Thomas Seltzer. 2 vols. $5.

THESE two new volumes of Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du temps perdu" are the English version of "A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs," the second part of that immense work, which has reached eleven volumes in French so far, with several further volumes in preparation. The mere dimensions of such a work as this are sufficient to inspire respect, and to arouse curiosity in that section of the public which likes to talk about books rather than read them. To the French mind particularly "Remembrance of Things Past," as the rather free English title of the whole runs, has seemed little short of portentous, rivaling the six thousand pages of Honoré d'Urfé's "L'Astrée," hitherto regarded as establishing the record in French literature. The result is that there has been much more enthusiasm displayed over Marcel Proust than knowledge of his work. In England, particularly, a veritable Proust cult has grown up, which found its characteristic expression in the tribute to his memory organized by his translator, where a strange collection of the notable and the illustrious unknown declare an unbounded confidence in the genius of Marcel Proust, while showing obvious signs of knowing little about him and of having read next to nothing of his work.

To that cult we undoubtedly owe the existence of the two first parts of "Remembrance of Things Past," and to the translation there has been extended the same welcome by proxy as to the original. Mr. Scott Moncrieff certainly undertook an ambitious, lengthy, and difficult task, which deserves credit, if only as a test of patience, skill, and endurance. But "Swann's Way" and "Within a Budding Grove" have been greeted as much more than that. Largely, as I suspect, by hearsay, they have been extolled as masterpieces, and it is confidently asserted that no such translator from the French has been seen in England in recent times. Naturally very few of Mr. Scott Moncrieff's admirers have actually gone through some 1,500 closely printed pages, with the French text before them, to verify the character of his translation. Having dipped here and there into the two last volumes for purposes of comparison, I am not so sure that this version of Proust is anything more than an ordinarily competent piece of translation.

In the first place, the translator has apparently decided to make the English Proust an exercise in the manner of Henry James. For this reason, almost every paragraph is studded with words between inverted commas, which do not require this Jacobean emphasis and do not so appear in French. James does suggest English analogies for Proust's method, but so does Meredith, and in neither case is there the remotest resemblance in style, even when allowance is made for the fundamental difference between French and English. In the second place, Mr. Scott Moncrieff is guilty of actual blunders, which are rather elementary in many cases, and indicate, at best, an unfamiliarity with the fine shades of French, which is a serious defect in the translator of a work which rests upon a perfect feeling for the nuances of French speech and manners. There is so much haphazard praise and blame of translations, by critics who carefully refrain from producing evidence for what they say, that a few specific examples are desirable at this point.

On page 1 "vulgaire esbrouffeur" is incorrectly rendered as "impossible vulgarian," while the force of calling a person "puant" is lost in the too literary form of "'pestilent' fellow." On page 2 "la plus grossière goujaterie" is mistranslated as "the crudest and coarsest form of snobbishness." The choice of "Mistress" as a rendering of Mme Verdurin's title "la Patronne" is open to the strongest objections. On page 34 "agitators," "mischief-makers," and "men who make trouble" are utterly fantastic misreadings of "agités," "brouillons," and "faiseurs d'embarras." When the cook is described as "économe,"

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she appears in English as "an economist." The word "poncif" has consistently baffled Mr. Moncrieff, who thinks it means "typical." "Décavés crapuleux" does not mean "alcoholic wasters," nor is a person who is said to be "d'un vaseux" "too sticky for words." "Detrimental" is a strange rendering of our old friend "fin de siècle." If Mr. Moncrieff ever tells a very chic Parisienne, whose latest creation makes "un effet bœuf," that it is a "bovine effect," unless she realizes that he does not know French she will be insulted. If she further decides to "faire la punaise," she will be amazed to hear that she has "put her foot in it." When Bloch said that Legrandin was "très bien," he meant something quite different from "he's a bit of all right." Mr. Scott Moncrieff's misfortunes with "barbante," "barbifiant," and "raseurs" are worthy of a place in a collection of schoolboys' "howlers." The slang meaning of "ostrogoth," the force of "youpin," and the simple meaning of "belles madames" also escape him.

The English version of Proust, then, is not the world's greatest translation, nor is Proust himself, for that matter, the greatest French prose writer of the age. He is, however, a fascinating and interesting chronicler and psychologist, with no sense of form, repetitious and careless, yet, the author of a work which promises to be for its epoch what Saint Simon's Memoirs were for the age of Louis XIV. There is no more delightful section than "Within a Budding Grove," with its memorable portrait of Bergotte, the marvelous satiric sketch of the diplomatist M. de Norpois, its picture of the Swann ménage as seen by a child, and the remarkable analysis of the boy's love and jealousy of the little girl, Gilberte. To those with the absolutely essential knowledge of France and French manners, Marcel Proust will always be irresistible.

ERNEST BOYD

A Rolling Stone

Since Leaving Home. By Albert Wehde. The Tremonia Publishing Company. $3.

ALBERT WEHDE came to this country from Germany in 1885 when he was sixteen years of age, and was routed straight through to St. Louis. Since then he has wandered far and wide, and this volume is the story of his adventuring

After about a year of St. Louis he and another boy did a Huckleberry Finn trip down the Mississippi as far as some place in Arkansas, where the other lad made off with the boat, leaving Wehde high and dry with no other assets than a large turtle, which he sold for $1.15 net. From there he wandered some years around Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas, working at odd jobs and enjoying the most extraordinary adventures, including the shooting of a bad man, for which act of public spirit the local grand jury declined to indict him. Eventually his wanderings brought him to Galveston, where he stowed away on a freighter bound for Bluefields, Nicaragua.

The next ten years Wehde spent in Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala, for the most part painting signs and prospecting for gold in unknown and remote places. He found little gold, but found much beauty and adventure, and succeeded in getting himself condemned to death in connection with a little matter of a revolution. However, he escaped, tried to enlist in Mr. Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish War, and eventually joined his relatives in Chicago in 1900.

From that time until 1914 he lived uneventfully in Chicago creating hand-wrought jewelry until the outbreak of the World War set his love of adventure on the move again. He had become a naturalized American, but the cause of Germany stirred both his imagination and his affections, and he became an agent for the German Government in the Far East. While so engaged, he tried to maintain a scrupulous regard for the laws of the lands in which he operated and apparently was fairly successful in doing so. When America entered the war he severed his German connections and came home, where, to his naive surprise, he was indicted and convicted under the neutrality statutes. Although I do not believe he intended to violate a federal statute, there seems little doubt that he did so, and, in any case, his activities must certainly have created resentment and have led to prosecution, as he might have expected. He spent nearly a year in the penitentiary at Leavenworth and found it a vile place, his experience confirming what is familiar to those acquainted with prison conditions generally. In one respect he made an important discovery while in jail—that fingerprints can be forged. He worked in the fingerprint office of the penitentiary and did considerable experimentation. He asserts that any good photo-engraver can forge fingerprints in a manner which defies detection and his statements on this score are so lucid and plausible that they call, I think, for investigation by our leading penologists, and, if true, for revision of the law in regard to fingerprint evidence.

His book, while not important, is an interesting story and will repay the reader with several hours of good entertainment.

ALBERT DESILVER

The Negro

The Negro from Africa to America. By W. D. Weatherford. George H. Doran Company. $5.

THIS is a scrap-book of 487 closely printed pages in rather small type. It gives evidence of extended research and hard work, but from the very nature of the author's method the general reader will find it an almost impossible book. It has no style or literary plan, but is made up of quotations long and short or of transcriptions of authors' meanings. Yet Mr. Weatherford's book is not merely a doctor's thesis. With all its cumbersome content and slavish use of authorities it has a central thesis.

> To those who can discern the meaning of things it is clear that a new light is dawning. Men are coming to desire a larger knowledge of all other men. Wise men realize that each group has a contribution to make to the world's civilization, and the sooner all groups can be brought to efficiency the sooner will the whole world be blessed with such contributions. Neither individuals nor races work out their destinies alone, but in cooperation.

The book is poorly balanced; slavery overweights it, political development is almost absent, and while there is much economic information, economic interpretation is often lacking. Mr. Weatherford's main authorities are unfortunately Weale's "The Conflict of Color" and Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color," which latter he regards as "one of the most thoughtful books." A good book like Ellis's "Negro Culture in West Africa" he disparages. His comment on Woodson's "Negro in Education" is done in two words, while Stoddard gets a whole page. The Atlanta University studies which have to be mentioned are quoted without comment, while the silly studies of the Negro done by the Phelps Stokes Fund are spread out in large type. Even Mr. Weatherford, however, can find nothing to say for them.

The net impression of Mr. Weatherford's scheme of treatment is that of a well-meaning man who in spite of himself is oleaginous and patronizing. He starts, for instance: "I am interested in the Negro, not because he is a Negro but because he is a man. He has a personality just as I have and is capable of becoming a growing and progressing person." What could be better? And then he ends with this: "I have known some Negroes whose character was above reproach. Every Southern white man has known at least one such Negro"!

There is no doubt that Mr. Weatherford really represents an advance over the conventional Southern attitude. He is distinctly liberal toward the Negro and he believes in liberal Southern movements. But beneath the whole argument, old

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assumptions, old beliefs continually persist. His chapters on Africa, for instance, are painfully inadequate and misleading and leave us with the ancient idea that the black man inherited "a loose moral life," no economic "efficiency," and that his "laziness" and "emotional nature" are something to be got rid of. Havelock Ellis is not one of his authorities. On the other hand, he has made some researches in American slavery that are of value, as, for instance, his stressing of the fact that the first Negroes brought to Virginia were not slaves but servants.

Mr. Weatherford is painfully careful throughout his book to say very little about Reconstruction and the right to vote. Only seven of his five hundred pages are given to this great matter, and here he regards the enfranchisement of the Negro as a "colossal blunder." He lays the lack of present "understanding" between the races to the ballot:

> It was just here that Reconstruction did its most deadly work. By setting the white man and the black man in the South in political opposition there were antagonisms aroused which broke down all confidence and hence destroyed all mutual understanding.

Has the world ever known "understanding" between masters and forcibly emancipated slaves? After this tribute to the conventional Southern perversion of history he admits that it is impossible to stem the rising tide of democracy, and his brilliant suggestion is higher property and intellectual qualifications for the ballot, in order to eliminate "a great majority of the Negroes and, of course, many of the whites. This is only right"!

The book lacks frankness; it is often double-faced and contradictory; sometimes it is merely mushy; seldom is it strong; it is afraid of conclusions; it continually walks up to some wall of difficulty and then, turning nimbly, sheers off into vague phrases, meantime apparently losing sight of the wall entirely. In his interpretation of the Negro Mr. Weatherford is continually at fault. He has difficulty in understanding the self-determining, intelligent black man who stands on his own feet. He is continually quoting the smoother phrases of the late Booker Washington and the present Dr. Moton.

Yet the net verdict on Mr. Weatherford's work must be favorable. It does not represent the heights of Southern white emancipation, but the average stay-at-home effort of the new "inter-racial" class. As such it is the best thing the white South has produced. Here and there the author has a word, a sentence, or a paragraph which shows that he realizes more than he always says:

> As never before in his history, the Negro is finding self-expression. In music, poetry, art, in books, and in the press he is saying what he thinks. He is no longer the silent, suffering, cringing person we once knew. He is boldly speaking his mind, and it behooves the American people to give earnest heed to his voice.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

American Music via Europe

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

ONE must go abroad, it seems, to find the American composer; for where, in his own country, he is still writing like the European composer, who, in turn, is trying to write jazz, in Europe he appears bent upon ridding himself of this imitative role. Whether it is that constant impact with an older culture has unlocked race memories; whether the influences which moved him from afar have become merged in a subconscious nostalgia; or whether it is both, one finds him no longer substituting a false activity for ideas. Instead, his inspirational sources begin to bear the stamp of authenticity.

Thus, in Paris, I found Ezra Pound writing medieval music based on a medieval text; while his friend George Antheil was writing, not jazz but music resolved to its essence. Pound, of course, is a poet whose spiritual haunts have long been those of the troubadour and trouvère. As their spiritual comrade-in-arms, therefore, it was perhaps natural that he should turn to music. "Music and poetry," he points out, "had been in alliance in the twelfth century. With their divergence," he adds, "the rhythms of poetry grew stupider," and "melodic invention declined simultaneously and progressively," with the result that "the horizontal construction (or mechanics of music) had gone or was, with increasing rapidity going, to pot."

With this "alliance," therefore, as his basic principle, he has taken the "Testament" of François Villon, and used it, in all its ribaldry and lyricism, as the text for an opera. He has not "set it to music," in our ordinary sense of the term, but rather has developed the melodic line from the intonation and accent of the spoken word. The few instruments called for by the simple scoring are used mainly to reinforce the voice; and while technically Pound is often at fault, for he is not a musician in the technical sense of the word, fundamentally his effects ring true. Aside from their movement and color, they seem medieval in *spirit*—not the pseudo-medieval atmosphere evoked by a twentieth-century mind, but the inevitable mate of the text. It is, on the whole, a most interesting experiment, though not solitary of its kind, as Januçek, in Prague, has also, it seems, been writing music derived from the spoken word; but whatever its aesthetic value may prove to be, it will always have the distinction of being one of the first original musical experiments that any American has yet dared to make.

The most far-reaching experiments, perhaps, by an American, or any other just at present, are those being made by George Antheil, whom one is tempted to call a genius. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, of Polish parents, he seems to have spent about half of his twenty-three years in Poland, and half in America. He went back to the latter country when he was fourteen, and during the seven years he was there studied with Von Sternberg and Bloch. What was even more important, perhaps, was that, during these same seven years, he was playing and experimenting with Negro orchestras, inventing, so he claims, many of the piano and percussion effects now used in presenting jazz. Today he has gone even farther, for the jazz he is writing now is not the jazz we know in America—he is right when he says he is three or four years ahead of that. It is, rather, music stripped of all "atmosphere" and nuance, such as Stravinsky has made, but more sensitive even than Stravinsky's to what Antheil calls "time space." By this he means that we are living more swiftly today, in an age when machinery has entered men's imaginations, and to express this "new propulsion of time spaces" we need a new music. Vertical music will not do it, because vertical music is too static, having reached its climax in Schönberg, whom he characterizes as "Mendelssohn with false notes." Resorting, therefore, to the only alternative, and carefully avoiding all "improvisation" (an unpardonable weakness, to him), he has definitely worked out a series of time-locked intervals of rhythm, or, to use his own term, musical "mechanisms," now pounding loudly, now whirring softly in space, with the regularity and precision of machines. The scoring of his jazz opera, for instance, is confined mainly to six or seven (I forget which) electric pianos. One can, indeed, think of no better analogies to his music than those which have already been made: the "ice-blocks" of Picasso, the "Timon" designs of Lewis; for Antheil, too, is a "primitive." In his first sonata for violin and piano he still clings to race memories, and Slavic rhythms alternate with those of the African savage. In his second sonata he discards the Slavic altogether for the African. When he now seeks inspiration he no longer goes to the Negro orchestras, but to Morocco itself; and so he gives us the concentrated essence of what one might call the spirit of America, with all its terrific energy, its speed pressure, its machine rhythms, by the Slav out of Africa. This musical phenomenon, which we still call jazz, for want of a better name, Paul Whiteman demonstrated last year to be the first authentic music to come out of America. What George Antheil is proving, however, is that it is the most significant music of today.

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International Relations Section

Gagging the Press in Italy

LESS than a month before the following decree was issued Mussolini attempted to impress upon the Senate the fact that the Fascist Government was devoting itself to the restoration of normal conditions. This decree was drawn up a year ago, but was not put into effect until the tidal wave of popular indignation following the Matteotti murder threatened the foundations of Fascist rule. The very fear that prevented Mussolini from issuing such regulations a year ago has driven him to issue them now, only a month after he boasted in the Chamber of Deputies that they had not been put into effect. *Avanti* has already fallen victim to this measure; this means that the working class of Italy has been suddenly deprived of its chief organ. The text of the Regulations Governing the Promulgation of the Edict of 1848 Dealing with the Press, and approved by the Cabinet on July 12, 1924, follows:

ARTICLE 1. The responsible head of a newspaper or other periodical publication covered by articles 36 and 37 of the Edict of March 26, 1848, dealing with the press must, in addition to the qualifications determined by that decree, be either the editor or on the editorial staff of the newspaper or periodical, and must have had the recognition of the prefect of the province in which the publication is printed.

Senators and deputies cannot be responsible heads.

Anyone who has been twice sentenced for crimes committed through the press cannot become a responsible head, and must forfeit herewith any such position he may hold.

The prefect of the province can, by decree, deny recognition as responsible head to anyone not fulfilling the requirements established by the first paragraph of this article, or anyone to whom the second paragraph applies.

The act of the prefect in denying recognition must be accompanied by a statement of the cause; appeal from his decision can be made to the Minister of the Interior, and appeal from the decision of the Minister of the Interior can be made to the fourth section of the Cabinet on legal grounds.

ART. 2. The prefect of the province is empowered, except where a legal suit is involved, to issue a warning to the head of a newspaper or periodical:

(a) If the newspaper or periodical, by false or misleading news causes any interference in the diplomatic action of the Government in its foreign relations, or hurts the credit of the nation at home or abroad, causing undue alarm among the people, or in any way disturbs the public peace.

(b) If the newspaper or periodical, by editorial articles, notes, titles, illustrations, or inserts, incites to crime or to class hatred or to disobedience of the laws or established order, or upsets the discipline of those engaged in public service, or favors the interests of foreign states, groups, or persons as opposed to Italian interests, or insults the nation, the King, the royal family, the Summo Pontifex, the religion, the institutions, or the authority of the state or of friendly Powers.

The warning shall be accompanied by a decree stating the cause for the warning, after hearing the opinion of a committee composed of a judge nominated by the chief presiding officer and of an attorney for the King named by the attorney general of the Court of Appeals, as well as a representative of the journalistic profession nominated by the local press association where such an association exists, or, in the absence of such a body, by the presiding officer of the local court. The committee shall remain in office for one year.

ART. 3. The prefect of the province, after hearing the opinion of the committee referred to in the previous article, is empowered to deny recognition to the responsible head if a warning has been issued twice during the year. The prefect can deny recognition to a new head if the previous one has been recalled, or if he has been sentenced twice within two years to penalties restricting liberty for not less than six months for each crime committed through the press, or whenever the paper affected by such a measure adopts a new name in order to continue publication. Appeal from the decision of the prefect can be made through the channels provided by Article 1.

ART. 4. Newspapers or other periodicals published in violation of the preceding provision shall be suppressed. Suppression shall be enforced by the state authorities, without necessity for special authorization. Those responsible for the offending publication shall be punished according to the provisions of the existing laws.

ART. 5. Sections 1, 4, and 5 of Article XIV of the Penal Code are hereby abrogated. Determination of crimes contemplated shall devolve upon the court.

Every other crime of the press or crime committed through the press shall be judged in conformity with the legislation already in force, and in accordance with the penalty established for the crime. . . . Procedure for all crimes of the press, or crimes committed through the press, shall be by direct summons.

ART. 6. This decree shall go into effect on the day of its publication in the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* of the kingdom, and shall be submitted to Parliament for incorporation into law. Within fifteen days from the date when the decree goes into effect, newspapers and periodicals shall comply with the provisions established in Article 1.

The Anglo-Russian Trade Treaty

IN last week's issue of *The Nation* we printed the text of the more interesting and controversial sections of the general political treaty concluded by Great Britain and the Russian Soviet Union. The trade agreement, which forms a part of the whole treaty, is reprinted below with a few minor cuts and summarized sections made necessary by space limitations.

THE TRADE TREATY

ARTICLE 1. For the purpose of developing and strengthening the commercial relations between their respective territories, the contracting parties agree that, without prejudice to any more favorable provisions contained in the present treaty, all facilities, rights, and privileges which in the territories of either of the contracting parties shall be accorded in matters of commerce to the nationals or juridical persons of any other foreign state, established in the territories of that state, or to their property shall be extended, on condition of full reciprocity, to the nationals of the other party, to juridical persons established in the territories of that party and to their property. Each of the contracting parties shall accord to goods, the produce or manufacture of the territories of the other, all facilities, rights, and privileges which are or may hereafter be accorded in the territories of the other to goods, the produce, or manufacture of the territories of any third foreign country in all that relates to prohibitions and restrictions on importation or exportation, customs duties and charges, transport, warehousing, drawback, and excise. The provisions of this paragraph shall extend to the treatment of commercial travelers' samples.

With the same purpose in view His Majesty's Government, on its part, agrees to extend the facilities of the export credits scheme as laid down in "The Overseas Trade (Credits and Insurance) Act, 1920," as amended by subsequent enactments to trade between Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the

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Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and further agrees that in respect of these and any similar facilities the said trade shall be placed on the same footing as trade with any other foreign country. . . .

[Special privileges accorded by the Union to border states in Asia or states formerly a part of the Russian Empire or states forming part of the Russian customs union need not be extended to Great Britain.]

ART. 2. Taking into account that the monopoly of foreign trade in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics belongs to the Government, and that this Government may engage in trading operations either directly through the trade representative of the Union or through any body or authority under its control, or otherwise, both parties agree on the following:

1. The trade representative and his assistants (members of the council of the trade representation), the number of which shall be determined at a later date by mutual agreement of both parties, shall be members of the Union embassy in London, and shall, as such, enjoy all the privileges and immunities appertaining thereto, including extraterritoriality for their offices in the embassy. For this purpose the existing offices of the trade delegation and such other offices as may form the subject of future agreement shall form part of the embassy.

2. The Government of the Union assumes the responsibility for all transactions conducted by or on behalf of the Union trade representative in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and agrees that all such commercial transactions shall be subject to the laws and courts of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, but in view of the responsibility for these transactions which is assumed by the Government of the Union, neither it nor its representatives will be called upon to give security for complying with the orders of the court.

3. This trade, as well as the trade of the above-mentioned bodies, including the trade of any companies organized by the trade representative in conformity with the laws existing in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, shall enjoy the same privileges and facilities and be conducted on the same footing in Great Britain and Northern Ireland as trade which is not conducted by governments.

ART. 3. Goods, the produce or manufacture of the territories of either of the contracting parties, passing in transit across the territories of the other by routes open to transit under the general legislation of the country, shall be free in those territories from all transit duties.

ART. 4. Juridical persons (including limited liability and other companies and associations) formed for the purpose of commerce, insurance, finance, industry, transport, or any other business and established in the territories of either party shall, provided that they have been duly constituted in accordance with the laws in force in such territories, be recognized as having a legal status in the territories of the other, and in particular shall have there the right of appearing before the tribunals, for the purpose of bringing or of defending an action.

In any case the said juridical persons shall enjoy, in the territories of the other party, the same general rights as are or shall be accorded to similar juridical persons of any other foreign country. . . . [The right of such juridical persons to carry on business in the territory of the other party is not affected by this provision, which does, however, apply to such persons constituted before as well as after the signing of the treaty.]

ART. 5. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to grant to the subjects or citizens of the other the right to enter its territories on conditions not less favorable than those applicable to the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation.

The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties who have been permitted to enter the territories of the other may reside there and exercise their trades, industries, or professions on condition that they comply with the regulations in force for the citizens of the most favored nation in the territories to which they have been admitted, and they shall be at complete liberty to leave the territories to which they have been admitted whensoever they please.

The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties in the territories of the other shall have free access to the courts of justice for the prosecution and defense of their rights without other conditions or taxes beyond those imposed on nationals or on subjects or citizens of the most favored foreign state, and shall, like them, be at liberty to employ in all causes their advocates, attorneys, or agents from among the persons admitted to the exercise of those professions according to the laws of the country.

ART. 6. The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties shall in the territories of the other be exempt from all forms of compulsory military service whatsoever, whether in the army, fleet, air forces, national guard, or militia. They can only be subject to military exactions, requisitions, and compulsory contributions in kind on payment of compensation. They shall be exempt from all money contributions, compulsory loans, and pecuniary taxes for war purposes and from compulsory billeting, except in so far as such contributions, loans, taxes, and billeting are imposed by the law of the country on all the inhabitants.

The subjects or citizens of each of the contracting parties shall in the territories of the other likewise be exempt from all judicial, administrative, and municipal functions whatsoever, other than those imposed by the law relating to juries, as well as from all compulsory services, except in cases of sudden and unexpected occurrences involving great public danger, and from all contributions, whether pecuniary or in kind, imposed as an equivalent for personal service. They shall be subject only to such taxes and charges as are imposed upon the inhabitants generally by the law of the country.

[In regard to these matters subjects or citizens of each country are accorded most-favored-nation treatment on the territory of the other.]

ART. 7. The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties admitted into the territories of the other shall be at liberty to communicate freely by post and by telegraph and to make use of telegraphic codes, provided that they specify beforehand the code being used, and under the conditions and subject to the regulations laid down in the International Telegraph Convention of St. Petersburg of 1875, as revised at Lisbon in 1908.

[Articles 8 and 9 deal with the rights of subjects, citizens, or juridical persons of either state on the territory of the other, the recognition of arbitration clauses in contracts, and the carrying out of arbitration awards.]

ART. 10. The subjects or citizens of one of the contracting parties admitted into the territories of the other shall not be subjected personally or with regard to their property or to their activities to any other or higher taxes, imposts, or obligations than those which are or may be imposed in the like conditions upon subjects or citizens of the last-named party, with the exception of special cases provided for by the laws in regard to all foreigners. Such special laws shall not impose taxation on the subjects or citizens of one party in the territories of the other in respect of their industry, trade, occupation, or business, and in regard to all forms of taxation such subjects or citizens shall not be placed in a less favorable condition than the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation. . . . [Juridical persons are similarly protected.]

ART. 11. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to treat the vessels of the other not less favorably than national vessels or the vessels of the most favored nation. This equality of treatment shall extend to the rules and regulations governing the transport of goods or passengers from and to the ports of the contracting parties and to any duties or charges levied on the vessels, their cargoes, or passengers, and also to facilities for the stationing, loading, and unloading of vessels in ports, docks, quays, harbors, and roadsteads, as well as tonnage or other dues, charges, and payments of all kinds levied on ships,

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such as sanitary, port, quay, harbor, pilotage, quarantine, lighthouse, and other similar dues levied in the name of or for the profit of the government, public functionaries, private individuals, corporations, or establishments of any kind.

The contracting parties undertake that imported or exported goods shall not be subjected in their ports or on their railways, rivers, or canals to any differential due, surtax, charge, or disability of any kind based on the flag of the ship by which the goods are imported or exported and to the detriment of the flag of either party. . . .

[Article 12 details certain services and privileges to which provisions of the present treaty shall not extend.]

ART. 13. Nothing in the preceding article shall prevent either party from reserving its coasting trade in whole or in part to national vessels, provided that

(a) The party so reserving in whole or in part its coasting trade cannot claim, in virtue of the present treaty, that its vessels shall be admitted to the coasting trade of the other party.

(b) Notwithstanding such reservation, vessels of the other party may proceed from one port to another either for the purpose of landing the whole or part of their cargoes or passengers brought from abroad, or of taking on board the whole or part of their cargoes or passengers for a foreign destination, or of carrying between the two ports goods consigned on through bills of lading or passengers holding through tickets to or from a foreign country. While so engaged, these vessels and their passengers and cargoes shall enjoy the full privileges of the present treaty.

So long as the coasting trade of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is thrown open to vessels of the Union, it is agreed between the parties that if at any time any part of the coasting trade of the Union is thrown open to the vessels of any other foreign country it shall at the same time and under the like conditions be thrown open to British vessels.

ART. 14. All vessels which, under the law of either contracting party, are national vessels shall for the purposes of the present treaty be deemed to be vessels of that party.

[Articles 15 and 16 provide for the mutual protection of copyrights, trade-marks and against unfair competition.]

ART. 17. The stipulations of the present treaty may, subject to any modifications mutually agreed upon, be extended to any of His Britannic Majesty's self-governing Dominions or to India by an exchange of notes to be effected between the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Government of the Dominion concerned, or of India.

In the event of the treaty not being extended to any particular Dominion or to India, goods produced or manufactured in such Dominion or in India shall enjoy, in the territories of the Union, complete and unconditional most-favored-nation treatment so long as goods manufactured or produced in the territories of the Union are accorded, in such Dominion or in India, treatment as favorable as that accorded to goods manufactured or produced in any other foreign country, but liberty is reserved by the Government of the Union to denounce this paragraph at any time in respect of any particular Dominion or of India.

ART. 18. The stipulations of the present treaty shall apply to any British colony, possession, or protectorate, and to any territory oversea which is subject to the control of His Britannic Majesty, if notice is given by His Britannic Majesty's representative at Moscow in respect to any such colony, possession, protectorate, or territory of the desire of His Majesty that the treaty should apply thereto. . . . [Goods of such territories as those mentioned above to which the treaty does not apply are nevertheless accorded most-favored-nation treatment.]

ART. 19. The present treaty shall be ratified and the ratifications shall be exchanged in London as soon as possible. It shall come into force immediately upon ratification, and shall remain in force for a period of three years from the exchange of ratifications, and thereafter until the expiration of twelve months from the date on which either of the contracting parties shall have given notice to the other of its intention to terminate the treaty.

In the event of the treaty being extended to any self-governing Dominion or to India by an exchange of notes under Article 17, the application of the treaty to such Dominion or to India may be terminated by twelve months' notice on either side.

[The same is true "as regards any colony, possession, protectorate, or territory to which the present treaty has been applied under Article 18."]

PROTOCOL

At the moment of proceeding to the signature of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Northern Ireland on the one hand and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the other, the undersigned, duly authorized, have agreed as follows:

Nothing in Article 1 of the commercial treaty signed this day shall prejudice the right of either party to enforce special sanitary or other provisions for the purpose of securing the safety of persons or of animals or of plants useful to agriculture, of regulating the trade in arms and ammunition under general provisions of law, or the trade in any particular article under the provisions of any general international convention which is binding on either party.

Declaration by His Majesty's Government with regard to Article 13

His Majesty's Government recognizes the right of the Government of the Union, in reserving the coasting trade to national ships, to include in that reservation the carrying of goods and passengers between ports of the Union whether situated on the coast of the same or of different seas.

Declaration by the Government of the U. S. S. R. with regard to Article 14

The Government of the Union maintain their right of property over all the ships of the former Russian navy as well as over the ships of the Russian commercial fleet, nationalized by the decree on the nationalization of the commercial fleet dated January 26, 1918, which have not been sold by the Soviet Government or with its consent.

The Government of the Union on several occasions had the opportunity to make similar declarations to all foreign Powers, and protested in the notes addressed to their governments against any kind of commercial transactions with these ships, presenting the full lists of names of such vessels.

The Government of the Union maintain their right to claim the restitution of these vessels as the indisputable property of the peoples of the U. S. S. R. Therefore the Government of the Union will never recognize as British any of these ships found in possession of British nationals or firms and will treat them as the property of the peoples of the U. S. S. R.

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